

# THE LIVING AGE.

Seventh Series.  
Volume VII.

No. 2920— June 23, 1900.

{ From Beginning.  
Vol. CCXXV.

## CONTENTS

I. Dean Milman . . . . .	EDINBURGH REVIEW	729
II. In Praise of June. <i>By Benito Perez Galdos</i> . . . . .		741
Translated from the Spanish for The Living Age by Jean Raymond Bidwell.		
III. The Recluse. <i>By D. J. Robertson</i> . . . . .	LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE	749
IV. The Heart of Darkness. II. <i>By Joseph Conrad</i> . . . . .	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	750
V. The Slum Movement in Fiction. <i>By Jane H. Findlater</i> . . . . .	NATIONAL REVIEW	755
VI. The Return of the Seasons. <i>By John M. Bacon</i> . . . . .	MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE	761
VII. The Man Who Died. <i>By Horace Annesley Vachell</i> . . . . .	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	765
VIII. Growing Bureaucracy and Parliamentary Decline. <i>By Alice Stopford Green</i> . . . . .	NINETEENTH CENTURY	774
IX. The Real Anarchist . . . . .	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	780
X. A Madrigal. <i>By Christian Burke</i> . . . . .	ARGOSY	789
XI. Circulating-Library Religion . . . . .	SATURDAY REVIEW	790
XII. To Mr. Austin Dobson. <i>By Owen Seaman</i> . . . . .	LONDONER	792

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the U. S. or Canada.

Postage to foreign countries in U. P. U. is 3 cents per copy, or \$1.56 per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

\* Single copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

# **The ARENA** A Monthly Review of Social Advance

\*\*\*\*\*

N. O. FANNING, Editor  
JOHN EMERY McLEAN, Associate Editor

\*\*\*\*\*

In December, 1889, THE ARENA was founded and the first issue published. The offices of the magazine were opened in the Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.; and the business was continued at that address up to the September issue of 1899—nearly ten years—when it was moved to New York, where it has since been published.

Under new ownership and editorial management, THE ARENA has begun a new era of its history, better equipped than ever to present to inquiring minds the ripest thought on all sides of the vital questions of the day.

It is an absolutely free and independent journal of the first class.

Progressive and vigorous, yet scholarly and high toned, it should be read by every one desirous of obtaining up-to-date information.

It is indispensable to every advanced mind.


The Twenty-Fourth Volume begins with the current issue (July, 1900).

For sale at all news-stands.

---

**25 CENTS A COPY      \$2.50 A YEAR**

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, 12 SHILLINGS

 THE ARENA and The Arena Quarterly will be sent postpaid for one year to the same address for \$3.00.

---

Address all communications and make remittances payable to

**THE ARENA COMPANY**

"Life" Building, New York, N. Y.

## "A Thing of Beauty Is a Joy Forever"

BUT WHEN UTILITY IS ADDED TO BEAUTY, THE  
JOY IS PROPORTIONATELY ENHANCED.

IN the MARSH READING STAND AND REVOLVING BOOK-CASE, described below, we have this striking and valuable combination. Beauty of material and finish, with strength of manufacture, combine to produce just such an article as is needed by every professional and business man for books of reference. Its convenience and utility commend it to all readers and students. It should find a place in the home of every intelligent family.

### A REMARKABLE OFFER!

THE LIVING AGE, One Year . \$6.00 }  
Revolving Book-Case and Stand 10.00 } \$16.00

**FOR ONLY \$7.50**

By special arrangement with the manufacturers, the undersigned are privileged to make the above offer to any name **not now** on the subscription list of


# THE LIVING AGE

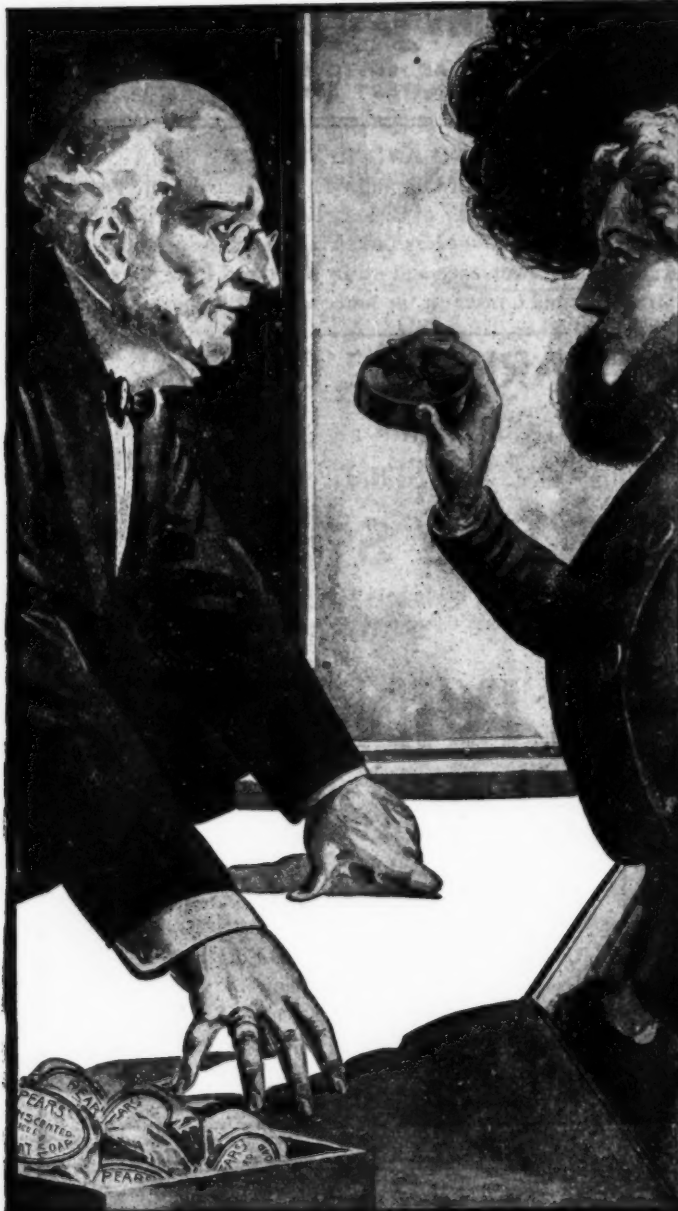


### THE MARSH READING STAND AND REVOLVING BOOK-CASE

Made of hard wood, well finished, oak legs, oak slats. Shelf room, 6 feet. Weight, 20 pounds. Holds 20 volumes of the size of Chambers's Encyclopædia. Unsurpassed as an OFFICE or LIBRARY article. Used for Reading Stand, Dictionary Stand, Music Stand, Atlas Stand, Album Stand, Bible Stand, Directory Stand, Office Stand, Parlor Stand, Lecture Stand, Easel or Checker Stand. Revolving Case for Reference, Law, Medical and Religious Books. **Over 50,000** now used in offices, libraries and homes.

**Description.** Shelves, 15 x 15 inches.  
Top, adjustable to any angle, 14 x 18 inches.  
Between Shelves, 12 inches.  
Height from floor, 12 inches.  
Height over all, 34 inches.

 The above offer is good only to absolutely NEW subscribers to  
**THE LIVING AGE.** Address  
**THE LIVING AGE COMPANY** - **P. O. Box 5206, Boston**



# PEAR'S SOAP

**"YES, THAT'S THE GENUINE,  
and it has no equal."**

**Established over 100 Years—20 International Awards.**



# THE LIVING AGE:

*A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought*

(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES.  
Volume VII.

NO. 2920. JUNE 23, 1900.

FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. CCXIV.

---

## DEAN MILMAN.\*

The great prominence which the High Church movement has assumed in the ecclesiastical history of England, during the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century, and the extraordinary success with which it has permeated the Established Church by its influence, have led some writers to exaggerate not a little the place which it occupied in the general intellectual development of the time. In the universities, it is true, it long exercised an extraordinary influence, and Mr. Gladstone, who was by far the most remarkable layman whom it profoundly influenced, was accustomed to say that, for at least a generation, almost the whole of the best intellect of Oxford was controlled by it. It possessed in Newman a writer of most striking and undoubted genius. In an age remarkable for brilliancy of style he was one of the greatest masters of English prose. His power of drawing subtle distinctions and pursuing long trains of subtle reasoning made him one of the most skilful of controversialists, and he had a great insight into spiritual cravings and an admirable gift of interpreting and appealing to many forms

of religious emotion. But though he was a man of rare, delicate and most seductive genius, we have sometimes doubted whether any of his books are destined to take a permanent and considerable place in English literature. He was not a great scholar, or an original and independent thinker. Dealing with questions inseparably connected with historical evidence, he had neither the judicial spirit, nor the firm grasp of a real historian, and he had very little skill in measuring probabilities and degrees of evidence. He had a manifest incapacity, which was quite as much moral as intellectual, for looking facts in the face and pursuing trains of thought to unwelcome conclusions. He often took refuge from them in clouds of casuistry. The scepticism, which was a marked feature of his intellect, allied itself closely with credulity, for it was directed against reason itself; and though he has expressed in admirable language many true and beautiful thoughts, the glamor of his style too often concealed much weakness and uncertainty of judgment and much sophistry in argument.

Many of those who co-operated with him were men of great learning and distinguished ability. No one will question the patristic knowledge of Pusey,

\* Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. A biographical sketch by his son Arthur Milman, M.A., LL.D. London: 1900.

the metaphysical acumen of Ward, the genuine vein of religious poetry in Keble and Faber, the wide accomplishments and scholarly criticism of Church. But, on the whole, the broad stream of English thought has gone in other directions. In politics the Oxford movement had brilliant representatives in Gladstone and Selborne, but the ideal of the relations of Church and State, and the ideal of education to which the Oxford school aspired, have been absolutely discarded. The universities have been secularized. The Irish Established Church, which it was one of the first objects of the party to defend, has been abolished by Gladstone himself, and although the English Established Church retains its hold on the affections of the nation, it is defended by its most skilful supporters on very different grounds and by very different arguments from those which were put forward by the Oxford divines. Among the foremost names in lay literature during the fifty years we are considering, it is curious to observe how few were even touched by the movement. Froude is an exception, but he speedily repudiated it. The mediæval sympathies that were sometimes shown by Ruskin sprang from a wholly different source. Macaulay, Carlyle, Hallam, Grote, Mill, Buckle, Tennyson, Brown-ing, and the great novelists, from Dickens to George Elliot, all wrote very much as they might have written if the movement had never existed. An unusual proportion of the best intellect of England passed into the fields of physical science, and the methods of reasoning and habits of thought which they inculcated were wholly out of harmony with the school of Newman, while both geology and Darwinism have made serious incursions into long-cherished beliefs. Even in the Church itself, though the High Church movement was stronger than any other, great deductions have to be

made. The school of independent biblical criticism, which in various degrees has come to be generally accepted, certainly owed nothing to it, and several of the most illustrious Churchmen of this period were wholly alien to it. Thirlwall and Merivale were conspicuous examples, but they devoted themselves chiefly to great works of secular history. Arnold—who was one of the strongest personal influences of his age, and whose influence was both perpetuated and widened by Dean Stanley—and Whately, who was one of the most independent and original thinkers of the nineteenth century, were strongly antagonistic. In the field of ecclesiastical history it might have been expected that a school which was at once so scholarly and so wedded to tradition would have been pre-eminent, but no ecclesiastical histories which England has produced can, on the whole, be placed on as high a level as those which were written by the great Broad Church divine whose name stands at the head of this article.

Milman was, indeed, a man well deserving of commemoration on account of the works which he produced, yet it is, perhaps, not too much to say that to those among whom he lived the man seemed even greater than his works. For many years he was a central and most popular figure in the best English literary society, and he reckoned most of the leading intellects of his day among his friends. He was in an extraordinary degree many-sided both in his knowledge and his sympathies. He was an admirable critic, and the eminent sanity of his judgment, as well as the eminent kindness of his nature, combined with a great charm both of manner and of conversation. Few men of his time had more friends, and were more admired, consulted and loved.

Mr. Arthur Milman has sketched his father's life in one short volume, writ-

ten in excellent English and with uniformly good taste. We have read it with much interest, yet in laying it down it is impossible not to be sensible how much of the personal charm, which was so conspicuous in its subject, has passed beyond recovery. More than thirty years have gone by since the old Dean was laid in his grave, and but few of those who knew him intimately survive. He appears to have kept no journal. He wrote nothing autobiographical, and he had a strong sense of the chasm that should separate private from public life. It was wholly contrary to his unegotistical nature to make the great public the confidant of his domestic affairs or of his inner feelings, and he was deeply sensible of the injustice which is so often done by biographers in printing unguarded, unqualified opinions and judgments, expressed in the freedom of private correspondence. He acted sternly on this view. Many of the foremost men in England were among his correspondents, but he deliberately burnt their letters. "I could never bear," we have heard him say, "that what was written to me by dear friends in the most unreserved and absolute confidence should, through my fault, be one day dragged before the public." This reticence and this strong feeling of the sanctity of friendship and private correspondence, which is now becoming very rare, was one of his most characteristic traits, but it has, necessarily, deprived his biography of many elements of interest.

He was the youngest son of Sir Francis Milman, the well-known physician of George III. He was born in 1791, and educated at Eton and Oxford, where he soon distinguished himself as one of the most brilliant of students. He won the Newdigate in 1812, the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse in 1813, the prize for English and Latin essays in 1816. He obtained a first-

class in classics, and in 1815 he was elected a Fellow of his college. He was ordained in the following year, and a year later Lord Eldon, who was then Chancellor of the university, nominated him to the vicarage of St. Mary at Reading, where he spent eighteen happy and fruitful years. Like most young and brilliant men, he first turned to verse, and for several years he poured out in rapid succession a number of dramas and poems, which have been collected in three substantial volumes. The tragedy of "*Fazio*" was written when he was still at Oxford, and it was speedily followed by a long and ambitious epic poem called "*Samor, Lord of the Bright City*," by three elaborate sacred dramas, the "*Fall of Jerusalem*," the "*Martyr of Antioch*," and "*Belshazzar*;" and by an historical tragedy on "*Anne Boleyn*," as well as by a few minor poems.

Some of these works had considerable popularity. "*Fazio*" for many years held its place on the stage. Byron, in one of his letters to Rogers, speaks of its "great and deserved success" when it was brought out at Covent Garden. Its heroine was a favorite part of Miss O'Neill and of Fanny Kemble. It was translated into Italian by Del Ongaro for Ristori, who acted it with admirable power, and there was also a French translation or adaptation in which Mademoiselle Mars took part. The "*Fall of Jerusalem*" was never intended for the stage, but it had a great literary success. Murray, who had given only a hundred and fifty guineas for "*Fazio*," gave five hundred for the "*Fall of Jerusalem*," and he gave the same sum both for the "*Martyr of Antioch*" and for "*Belshazzar*," which succeeded it. Neither of these, however, proved as popular as the "*Fall of Jerusalem*," but the "*Martyr of Antioch*" contains that noble funeral ode beginning "Brother, thou art gone before us, and thy saintly

soul is flown," which is familiar to numbers who are probably not aware of its authorship. It is worthy of notice that as recently as 1880 Sir Arthur Sullivan set the "Martyr of Antioch" to music and brought it out at the Leeds Festival, where it achieved an immediate and brilliant success, and was frequently performed.<sup>1</sup> On the other hand, "Samor" and "Anne Boleyn" were almost absolute failures, and, on the whole, the longer poems of Milman have not retained their popularity, and probably now rarely find a reader.

Those who turn to them will certainly be struck by the command of language and metre they display. It was shown both in rhyme and in blank verse. Many fine odes are scattered through them, and in the octosyllabic versè Milman always appears to us peculiarly happy. But his poetry, like most of the poetry that was written under the Byronic influence, was rather the poetry of rhetoric than of imagination, and it wanted both the intensity and the concentration of the great master. Stately, sonorous, fluent, unflinchingly lucid, it was too lengthy and too artificial, and Lockhart was not wholly wrong in pronouncing that it showed "fine talents but no genius," and in urging that prose rather than poetry was the vehicle in which its author was destined to succeed. In addition, however, to the funeral ode to which we have referred, Milman has written many hymns, and some of these are of singular beauty. They appeared originally in the collection of that other great hymn-writer, Bishop Heber, who was one of his dearest friends, and one of the men to whose memory he looked back with the fondest affection. The Good Friday hymn, "Bound upon th' accursèd tree," the Palm Sunday hymn, "Ride on, ride on

in majesty," and perhaps still more that exquisitely pathetic hymn (so often misprinted in modern hymn-books) beginning

When our heads are bowed with woe,  
When our bitter tears o'erflow,

have long since taken their permanent place in devotional literature.

In another and very different field of poetry also he greatly excelled. He was an admirable example of that highly finished and fastidious classical scholarship which is, or was, the pride of our great public schools, and he took great pleasure in translations from the classics. He translated into verse the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, and the "Bacchanals" of Euripides, and also a great number of small and much less known poems. He held the professorship of poetry at Oxford from 1821 to 1831, and as his lectures, according to the custom which then prevailed, were delivered in Latin, he had the happy thought of diversifying them by English metrical translations of the different poems he treated. They range over a wide field of obscure Greek poets, as well as of epitaphs, votive inscriptions, and inscriptions relating to the fine arts, and in addition to these there are translations from Sanscrit poetry—a branch of knowledge which was then very little cultivated, and to which Milman was greatly attracted. These poems the author published in 1865, but the lectures in which they were produced he committed to the flames. They had, in his opinion, lost their value through the subsequent publication of the works on the history of Greek literature by Bode, Ulrich, Otfried Müller and Mure.

In prose his pen was exceedingly active. In 1820 he began his long connection with the *Quarterly Review*, which continued with occasional intervals through more than forty years.

<sup>1</sup> Laurence's *Life of Sir A. Sullivan*, p. 310.

His articles extended over a great variety of subjects, but most of them were essentially reviews and essentially critical. The fact that he was both a poet and an accomplished critic of verse caused some persons to ascribe to him the authorship of two articles which had an unhappy reputation—the criticism which was falsely supposed to have hastened the death of Keats, and the attack upon the “Alastor” of Shelley, a poet for whom Milman had a special admiration. It is now well known that neither of these articles was by him, but it is characteristic of his loyalty to his colleagues that he never disclaimed the authorship. This loyalty was, indeed, not less conspicuous in his nature than the singular kindness of disposition with which he ever shrank from giving pain. After his death, a few of his many essays in the *Quarterly* were collected in one volume. Among them there is an admirable account of Erasmus, with whom in mental characteristics he had considerable affinity.

In 1829 appeared his first historical work, the “History of the Jews,” a work which excited a violent storm of theological indignation. The crime of Milman was that he applied to Jewish history the usual canons of historical criticism—sifting evidence, discriminating between documents, pointing out the parallelisms between Jewish conditions and those of other Oriental nations, and attempting to separate in the sacred writings the parts which were essential and revealed from those which were merely human and fallible. In a remarkable preface to a revised and enlarged edition of this work, which was published thirty years later, he laid down very clearly the principles that had guided him. The Jewish writers, in his opinion, were

men of their age and country who, as they spoke the language, so they

thought the thoughts of their nation and their time. . . . They had no special knowledge on any subject but moral and religious truth to distinguish them from other men, and were as fallible as others on all questions of science, and even of history, extraneous to their religious teaching. . . . Their one paramount object being instruction and enlightenment in religion, they left their hearers uninstructed and unenlightened as before in other things. . . . In all other respects society, civilization, developed itself according to its usual laws. The Hebrew in the wilderness, excepting as far as the Law modified his manners and habits, was an Arab of the desert. Abraham, except in his worship and intercourse with the One True God, was a nomad Shelt. . . . The moral and religious truth, and this alone, I apprehend, is “the Word of God” contained in the sacred writings.

It must also, he contended, be always remembered that the Semitic records are of an “essentially Oriental, figurative, poetical cast,” and that it is, therefore, wholly erroneous to suppose that every word can be construed with the precision of an Act of Parliament or of a simple modern historical narrative.

His attitude towards the miraculous was carefully defined. He observed the absolute impossibility of evading the conclusion that the Jewish writers, whether eye-witnesses or not, implicitly believed in “the supernaturalism, the divine or miraculous agency almost throughout the older history of the Jews,” and that it is “an integral, inseparable part of the narrative.” Sometimes it is possible “with more or less probability to detect the naked fact which may lie beneath the imaginative or marvellous language in which it is recorded; but even in these cases the solution can be hardly more than conjectural.” In other cases “the supernatural so entirely predominates and is so of the intimate es-

sence of the transaction that the facts and the interpretation must be accepted together or rejected together." In such cases it is the duty of the historian simply "to relate the facts as recorded, to adduce his authorities, and to abstain from all explanation for which he has no ground."

The distinction between the providential and the strictly miraculous appears to him impossible to draw. "Bellef in Divine Providence, in the agency of God as the Prime Mover in the Natural world as in the mind of Man, is an inseparable part of religion. There can be no religion without it." But in numerous cases, to distinguish between the simply providential and the strictly miraculous implies a knowledge of the working of natural causes greater than we possess; and in certain stages of civilization, and very eminently in the Jewish mind, there is a marked tendency to suppress secondary causes, and to attribute not only the more extraordinary, but also the common events of life, to direct divine agency. The possibility and the reality of the miraculous he emphatically asserts.

The palmary miracle of all, the Resurrection, stands entirely by itself. Every attempt to resolve it into a natural event, a delusion or hallucination in the minds of the disciples, the eye-witnesses and death-defying witnesses to its truth, or to treat it as an allegory or figure of speech, is to me a signal failure. It must be accepted as the keystone—for such it is—and seal to the great Christian doctrine of a future life, as a historical fact, or rejected as a baseless fable.

But great numbers of what were deemed miracles may be explained by natural causes, by figurative modes of expression which were common in Oriental nations, by the tendency of the human mind to embellish or exaggerate surprising facts, or invent supernatural causes for what it is unable to explain,

by the retrospective imagination which seeks to dignify the distant past with a supernatural halo. The early annals of all nations are strewn with pretended miracles which no one will now maintain, and Milman shows in a powerful passage how the idea of the miraculous has been steadily contracting and receding; how dangerous it is to base the defence of Christianity on the evidence of miracles rather than on appeals to the conscience, the moral sense, the innate religiousness, the deep spiritual cravings of human nature.

Such views, though now sufficiently commonplace, seemed very novel in England when Milman wrote. Dean Stanley described his work as "the first decisive inroad of German theology into England; the first palpable indication that the Bible could be studied like another book; that the characters and events of sacred history could be treated at once critically and reverently." But though Milman was very well acquainted with German theology, he resented the notion that he was its interpreter or representative. He contended that in restricting the province of inspiration to the direct inculcation of religious truth he was following a sound Anglican tradition. He quoted the authority of Paley and Warburton, of Tillotson and Secker. In such principles of interpretation he said he had found "a safeguard during a long and not unreflective life against the difficulties arising out of the philosophical and historical researches of his time." They had enabled him "to follow out all the marvellous discoveries of science, and all those hardly less marvellous, if less certain, conclusions of historical, ethnological, linguistic criticism, in the serene confidence that they are utterly irrelevant to the truth of Christianity." "If on such subjects," he concluded, "some solid ground be not found on which highly-educated, reflective, reading, reasoning men may



find firm footing, I can foresee nothing but a wide, a widening—I fear, an irreparable—breach between the thought and the religion of England. A comprehensive, all-embracing, truly catholic Christianity which knows what is essential to religion, what is temporary and extraneous to it, may defy the world.”

These words are taken from the later preface to which we have referred. In the same preface, and also in his “History of Christianity,” may be found some interesting remarks on the German school of Biblical criticism, the greater portion of which has arisen since the original publication of the “History of the Jews.” In many of its conclusions he had anticipated it, and he was quite as sensible as the German writers of the hopelessness of seeking scientific revelations in the Biblical narrative; of the worthlessness of most of the common schemes for reconciling science and theology; of the untrustworthy character of Jewish chronology and Jewish figures; of the grave doubts that hang over the authorship and the date of some of the books; of the necessity of making full allowance when reading them for human fallibility and inaccuracy. At the same time his admiration for the German critics was by no means unqualified. While fully admitting their extraordinary learning, industry and ingenuity, he complained that their too common infirmity was “a passion for making history without historical materials,” basing the most dogmatic and positive statements upon faint indications, or upon ingenious conjectures that could not legitimately go beyond a very low degree of probability. The assurance with which these writers undertook, by internal evidence, to decompose ancient documents, assigning each paragraph to an independent source; the decisive weight they were accustomed to give to slight improbabilities or coincidences, and to

small variations of style and phraseology; the confidence with which they put forward solutions or conjectures which, however ingenious or plausible, were based on no external evidence as if they were proved facts, appeared to him profoundly unhistorical.

It must have been somewhat irritating to one who clung so closely to University life, and who had been justly regarded as one of the most brilliant of Oxford scholars, to find that his own University was prominent in the condemnation of the “History of the Jews.” Only two years before he had preached, with general approbation, the Bampton Lectures in defence of Christianity. His new work was again and again condemned from the University pulpits, and among others by the Margaret Professor of Divinity, and by the Hulsean lecturer for 1832. The clamor was naturally taken up in many other quarters, and especially by the religious newspapers. It was noticed that “Milman’s History” appeared in the window of Carlisle, the infidel bookseller.

“I only wish,” wrote Milman, when the fact was brought to his notice, “all Carlisle’s customers would read it. A noble lord once wrote to the bishop of a certain diocese to complain that a baronet who lived in the same parish brought his mistress to church, which sorely shocked his regular family. The bishop gravely assured him that he was very glad to hear that Sir — brought his naughty lady to church, and hoped that she would profit by what she heard there and amend her ways. So say I of Carlisle’s customers.”

The Jews themselves were much pleased and flattered by the book, and subscribed a piece of plate as a testimonial to the author.

The opinions expressed in this, as in his later works, no doubt in some degree obstructed the promotion of Mil-

\* Smith’s Memoirs of J. Murray, li. p. 300.



man in the Church, but he had no reason to regret it. Of all men, he once said, he thought he owed most to Bishop Blomfield, for there was once a question of offering him a bishopric, and it was a remonstrance of the Bishop of London that prevented it. "I am afraid," he said, "that if it had been offered me I should have accepted it, and I should then never have written my 'Latin Christianity.'" But, though he escaped the fate which has cut short the best work of more than one distinguished historian, his conspicuous position among the scholars and writers in the Church was widely recognized, and he was soon transferred from a provincial town to a central position in the Metropolis. In 1835 Sir Robert Peel made him rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Prebendary in the Abbey. Though continuing without intermission his historical work, he appears to have discharged with exemplary vigor the duties of a large and poor parish until 1849, when Lord John Russell appointed him Dean of St. Paul's. The position was exactly suited to him. It was one of much dignity, but also of much leisure, and it gave him ample opportunities of pursuing the studies which were the true work of his life.

The great subject of the history of Christianity was, indeed, continually before him. Among other things he studied minutely both the text and the authorities of Gibbon, for whom he had a deep and growing admiration. An excellent edition of Gibbon was one of the first results. Milman's notes have been included in Smith's later edition, and though a large proportion of them were naturally somewhat controversial, being devoted to refuting some of the conclusions of the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters, it is impossible to read them without recognizing the candor as well as the learning and the acumen of the critic. Few things that

Milman has written are finer than the preface in which, in ten or twelve masterly pages, he sums up his estimate of his great predecessor.

The three volumes of the "History of Christianity," dealing with its early history up to the period of the abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire, appeared in 1840, and they were followed by the six large volumes of the "History of Latin Christianity," carrying the history of the Western Church to the end of the Pontificate of Nicholas V in 1455. This great work was published in two instalments—the first three volumes in 1854, and the remaining three in the following year—and it gave its author indisputably the first place among the ecclesiastical historians of England and a high place among the historians of the nineteenth century. He possessed, indeed, in an eminent degree some of the qualities that are most rare, and, at the same time, most valuable, in ecclesiastical history. A large proportion of the most learned ecclesiastical historians have been men who have devoted their whole lives to this single department of knowledge, who derived from it all their measures of probability and canons of criticism, and who, treating it as an isolated and mainly supernatural thing, have taken very little account of the intellectual and political secular influences that have largely shaped its course. Most of them also have been men who undertook their task with convictions and habits of thought that were absolutely incompatible with real independence and impartiality of judgment in estimating either the events or the characters they described. Milman was wholly free from these defects. His wide knowledge, his cool, critical, admirably trained judgment were never better shown than in the many pages in which he has pointed out the analogies or resemblances between Jewish and other Oriental beliefs; the manner in which

national characteristics or secular intellectual tendencies affected theological types; the countless modifications in belief or practice which grew up, as the Church accommodated itself to the conditions of successive ages and entered into alliance or conflict with different political systems; the many indirect, subtle, far-reaching ways in which the world and the Church interacted upon each other in all the great departments of speculation, art, industry, social and political life. A certain aloofness and coldness of judgment in dealing with sacred subjects was the reproach which was most frequently brought against him. As he himself said, he wrote rather as an historian than a religious instructor, and he dealt with his subject chiefly in its temporal, social and political aspects. Justice and impartiality of judgment to friend and foe he deemed one of the first moral duties of an historian, and Dean Church was not wrong in ascribing to him a quite "unusual combination of the strongest feeling about right and wrong with the largest equity." "What a delightful book, so tolerant of the intolerant!" was his characteristic eulogy of the work of another writer, and it truly reflects the turn of his own mind. Provost Hawtrey, who was no mean judge of men, said, after an intimacy of nearly fifty years, that he had never known a man who possessed in a greater degree than Milman the virtue of Christian charity in its highest and rarest form. It was a gift which stood him in good stead in dealing with the very blended characters, the tangled politics, the often misguided enthusiasms of ecclesiastical history. While he was constitutionally extremely averse to the moral casuistry which confuses the boundaries of right and wrong, he had too sound a grasp of the evolution of history to fall into the common error of judging the acts of one age by the moral standards of another. His his-

tory was eminently a history of large lines and broad tendencies. The growth, influence and decline of the Papacy—the distinctive characteristics of Latin and Teutonic Christianity; the effect of Christianity on jurisprudence; the monastic system in its various phases; the rise and conquests of Mohammedanism; the severance of Greek from Latin Christianity; Charlemagne, Hildebrand, the Crusades, the Templars, the Great Councils; the decay of Latin, and the rise of modern languages; the influence of the Church on literature, painting, sculpture and architecture—are but a few of the great subjects he has treated, always with knowledge and intelligence, often with conspicuous brilliancy.

In so vast a field there were, no doubt, many subjects which have been treated with a greater fulness and completeness by other writers. There are some in which subsequent research has gone far to supersede what Milman has written, and inaccuracies of detail not unfrequently crept into his work; but in the truthfulness of its broad lines, in the sagacity of its estimates both of men and events, it holds a high place among the histories of the world. Very few historians have combined in a larger measure the three great requisites of knowledge, soundness of judgment and inexorable love of truth. The growth and modifications of doctrines and the minutiae of religious controversies were, however, subjects in which he took little interest, and though they could not be excluded from an ecclesiastical history, they are dealt with only in a slight and cursory manner. Those who desire to study in detail this side of ecclesiastical history will find other histories much more useful. Critics of different religious schools have complained that his mind was essentially secular; that he had a low sense of the certainty and the importance of dogma; that there were some classes of ecclesi-

astical writers who have been deeply revered in the Church with whom he had no real sympathy; that the spirit of criticism was stronger in his book than the spirit of reverence; that he did not do full justice to the spiritual and inner side of the religion he described. He looked upon it, they said, too externally. He valued it as a moral revolution, the introduction of new principles of virtue and new rules for individual and social happiness. Much of this criticism would probably have been accepted with but little qualification by Milman himself. He would have said that what these writers complained of was, in the main, inseparable from an historical as distinguished from a devotional treatment of his subject. He would have added that no form of human history reveals so clearly as ecclesiastical history the fallibility, the credulity, the intolerance of the human mind, or requires more imperatively the constant exercise of independent judgment and of fearless and unsparing criticism, and that, if the history of the Church is ever to be written with profit, it must be written in such a spirit. Of his own deeper convictions he seldom spoke; but in the concluding page of his "Latin Christianity" there is a passage of profound interest. Leaving it, as he says, to the future historian of religion to say what part of the ancient dogmatic system may be allowed to fall silently into disuse, and what transformations the interpretation of the Sacred Writings may still undergo, he adds these significant words:—

As it is my own confident belief that the words of Christ, and His words alone (the primal indefeasible truths of Christianity), shall not pass away, so I cannot presume to say that men may not attain to a clearer, at the same time more full, comprehensive and balanced sense of those words, than has as yet been generally received in the

Christian world. As all else is transient and mutable, these only eternal and universal, assuredly whatever light may be thrown on the mental constitution of man, even on the constitution of nature and the laws which govern the world, will be concentrated so as to give a more penetrating vision of those undying truths. . . . Christianity may yet have to exercise a far wider, even if more silent and untraceable influence, through its primary, all-pervading principles, on the civilization of mankind.

Macaulay, speaking of the "History of Latin Christianity," in his *Journal*, says, "I was more impressed than ever by the contrast between the substance and the style; the substance is excellent; the style very much otherwise." Looking at it from a purely literary point of view, it had undoubtedly great merits. Milman had an admirable sense of proportion—a rare quality in history. He was invariably lucid, and it is easy to cull from his history many characters excellently drawn, many pages of vivid narrative, or terse and weighty criticism. Still, on the whole, his historic style is on a much lower level than that of Macaulay, Buckle and Froude, though it will compare, we think, not unfavorably with that of Hallam and Grote. The points of controversy are usually relegated to his notes, which contain a great mass of curious learning and excellent criticism. The reader who turns to them from works of the German school will be struck by his strong English common sense and grasp of facts, and his dislike of subtle, far-fetched ingenuities of explanation. He has the crowning merit of being always readable, and his strong, sane, moral sense never left him. He was probably at his best in the later volumes, when he could treat his subject like secular history and was free from the embarrassing theological difficulties of the earlier

portion, and he is especially admirable in those chapters which give scope to his wide literary and artistic sympathies. He was an excellent Italian scholar and keenly sensible of the beauties of Italian literature, and his love of the ancient classics never left him. There was something at once characteristic and amusing in the delight which he again and again expressed, after the termination of his *History*, at being able to return to them after spending so many years in reading bad Latin and Greek. In taste and character he was, indeed, pre-eminently a man of letters, and, as such, he ranks in the first line among his contemporaries.

The outburst of indignation that in some quarters had greeted the first appearance of the "*History of the Jews*" was not repeated when that work was republished in an enlarged form. Nor does it appear to have arisen on the appearance of the two later histories. Newman reviewed the "*History of Early Christianity*" at great length, speaking with much personal respect of the writer, though he was naturally extremely hostile to its spirit. The difference between the High Church sentiment and the mind of Milman was, indeed, organic. Milman's own type was formed before the Tractarian movement had begun; the sacerdotal spirit was thoroughly alien to him, and his profound study of ecclesiastical history had certainly not tended to attract him to it. He fully recognized both the abilities and the piety of Newman, and he described his secession as perhaps the greatest loss the Church of England had experienced since the Reformation; but he disliked his opinions, he profoundly distrusted the whole character of his mind and reasonings, and he early foresaw that he could never find a permanent resting-place in the English Church. In the posthumous volume of *Essays* there will be found a

full and most searching examination of Newman's "*Essay on Development*," in which these points of difference are clearly shown. For Keble, Milman entertained warmer feelings. They were contemporaries, and at one time most intimate friends. In the field of sacred poetry they had been fellow laborers. Keble had succeeded Milman as professor of poetry, and Milman had been one of the few persons who had read the "*Christian Year*" in manuscript. When, after Keble's death, a committee was appointed to erect a memorial to his memory, Milman was much hurt at finding that it was determined to give it a distinctly Tractarian character, and that his own name was deliberately excluded. In Milman's last years the Oxford movement had begun to assume its ritualistic form, and questions of vestments and ceremonies and candles came to the forefront. With all this Milman had no sympathy. "After the drama," he said of it, "the melodrama!"

It was a remarkable coincidence that for some years the two deaneries of London were both held by brilliant men of letters and by men with the strongest theological sympathy. A feeling of warm personal affection united Milman and Stanley, and there was something peculiarly touching in the almost filial attitude which Stanley assumed towards his older colleague. In one point, however, they differed greatly. Stanley was a keen fighter. He threw himself into the forefront of ecclesiastical controversies, and was never seen to greater advantage than when leading a small minority, defying inveterate prejudice, defending an unpopular cause. Milman could seldom be tempted to follow his example. He pleaded old age and declining strength, but, in truth, though he never flinched from the avowal of his own opinions, he had a deep and increasing distaste for religious controversies and Church poli-

tics. He was rarely seen in convocation, and he always regarded its revival as a misfortune. He proposed, however, in it a petition for the discontinuance of the use of the State services commemorating the martyrdom of Charles I, the restoration of Charles II, the discovery of the gunpowder plot and the Revolution of 1688; and Parliament soon after adopted his view. He also sat on the Royal Commission in 1864 for considering the subject of clerical subscription. He took, on this occasion, a characteristic line, advocating a complete abolition of the subscription of the Articles, and desiring that the sole test of membership of the Church should be the acceptance of the Liturgy and the Creeds. In 1865 he received an invitation, which greatly gratified him, to preach before the University of Oxford the annual sermon on Hebrew prophecy. The sermon was delivered in the pulpit of St. Mary's, where, many years before, he had been so vehemently condemned for views on the same subject, no one of which, as he truly said, he had either recanted or modified. His sermon was afterwards printed, and would form a worthy chapter of his "History of the Jews." In the Colenso controversy he had no great sympathy with either side. Many of Bishop Colenso's arguments appeared to him crude or exaggerated, and he dissented from many of his conclusions, but he considered that he had been treated with gross injustice and intolerance, and he accordingly subscribed to his defence fund. For the rest he confined his ecclesiastical life as much as possible to his own cathedral, where he presided over the State funeral of the Duke of Wellington, and where he introduced the custom of throwing open the nave to evening services. His last and unfinished work was his "Annals of St. Paul," investigating his history and portraying with

his old learning and with much of his old felicity the lives of his predecessors.

It was, however, in secular literary society that he was most fitted to shine, and there he passed many of his happiest hours. The usual honors of a distinguished man of letters clustered thickly around him. He was a trustee of the British Museum; an honorary member of the Royal Academy; a correspondent of the Institut of France. He was also a member of "The Club"—the small dining club which was founded in 1764 by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson, and which since then has included in its fortnightly dinners the great majority of those Englishmen who in many walks of life have been most distinguished by their genius or their accomplishments. He was elected to it in 1836, three years before Macaulay, and he became one of its most constant attendants. In 1841 "The Club" made him its treasurer, and he held that position for twenty-three years, and presided over the centenary dinner in 1864. He was also an original member of the Philobiblon Society, which has brought together many curious and hitherto unknown documents, and he wrote for it a short paper on Michael Scott the Wizard, who, as he showed, had been once offered the Archbishopric of Cashel. He was never a keen politician, but he was intimate with a long succession of leading statesmen, and he contributed to Sir Cornewall Lewis's "Administrations of Great Britain" a full and valuable letter on the relations of Pitt and Addington, which was largely based on his own recollections of the latter statesman.

London society in the middle of the century was much smaller and less mixed than at present, and there was then a distinctively literary, or at least intellectual, society which can now hardly be said to exist. The most



eminent men of letters came more frequently together. Criticism was in fewer and perhaps stronger hands, and was to a larger extent representative of the opinions expressed in such social gatherings. In this kind of society Milman was long a foremost figure. He had all the gifts that fit men for it—not only brilliancy, knowledge and versatility, but also unfailing tact, a rare charm of courtesy, a singularly wide tolerance. He was quick and generous in recognizing rising talent, and he had that sympathetic touch which seldom failed to elicit what was best in those with whom he came in contact. Few men possessed more eminently the genius of friendship—the power of attaching others—the power of attaching himself to others. In the long list of his intimate friends, Macaulay, Sir Charles Lyell and Sir George Cornewall Lewis were, we believe, conspicuous. Like most men of his type, he found the multiplying gaps around him the chief trial of old age. Not long before he died, there was an exhibition of contemporary portraits, but, though Milman went to it, he could not go through it. "When I found myself," he said, "surrounded by the likenesses—often the miserable likenesses—

Edinburgh Review.

of so many I had known and loved, it was more than I could bear."

An admirable portrait by Watts, which is reproduced in this volume, will recall, to those who knew him, his appearance in old age—his strong masculine features beaming with intelligence, his grand, shaggy brows, his bright and penetrating eyes. An illness affecting the spine had bowed him nearly double, and there are still those who will remember how his bent figure seemed projected, almost like a bird in its flight, across the dinner table, while his eager, brilliant talk delighted and fascinated his hearers. In his last years increasing deafness obliged him to narrow the circle of his social life, but he retained to the end all the vividness of his mind and sympathies, and when at length death came in his seventy-eighth year, it found him in the midst of unfinished work. His life was not of a kind to win wide popularity and to give him a conspicuous place among the great masses of his nation, but few English clergymen of his generation made so deep an impression on those who came in contact with them or have left works of such enduring value behind them.

---

#### IN PRAISE OF JUNE.\*

May will be offended, I know, but, rendering all homage to truth, it must be said in his very face: yes, the empire of the flowers in our climate does not belong to him. Truant! what will the souls of those poor little things say of him in the other life, when he allowed them to die of cold after burning them with unseasonable warmth?

\* Translated from the Spanish for *The Living Age* by Jean Raymond Bidwell.

If, on the other hand, June warms the flowers with too much zeal—because he is somewhat brusque and quick, and takes his obligations very much to heart—he uses a fan, and not the tempestuous bellows of the September winds. He is anxious to keep them in an even temperature. He shields and tends them with exquisite care and circumspection, giving them refreshing sap, plenty of sunlight, nourish-

ment and pure, clean water. How prodigally this capitalist spends his treasures of heat, light and gentle breezes! He would resemble many of the rich of this earth if he did not spend all his fortune in doing good.

Here are his works:

#### I. IN THE GARDENS.

See the pansies, with their little yellow faces and their velvet hoods. They glance from one side to the other, gently rocked by the delicious breath of the morning, and they tremble with pleasure at beholding themselves so beautiful, strong and full of life. The smiling black eyes of these little midgets which, like little angels, have only heads and wings, look up at us with roguish mischief; it seems as if they even laughed. Some are pale and bloodless, others rosy and chubby-cheeked. Many have pulled their velvet caps down to their eyebrows, and others have pushed them back. Some are clean-shaven, and others, one would declare, are wearing beards, while all are as merry as crickets, and in their unknown language are doubtless exclaiming: "What a good bellyful of light, air and water we are getting!"

The little creatures that are called sweet-williams show more judgment, for, although they have been placed in company with these ragamuffins, they know how to form enchanting groups and clusters that look like wreaths. They play their innocent games without admitting a single stranger. These beautiful stars of the earth that adorn the garden with their glowing color are distant relatives of the proud carnation; no one would say so, because they are so modest.

And this flower! How gracefully its aromatic red and white turban is folded over its tresses! Salute the caliph, that splendid, magnificent sov-

ereign. The overwhelming poesy exhaled from this plant incites one to sybaritism, to ardent passions. Ah, madcap, thou art so popular that even the poorest of the poor cultivate thee, although the pot may be only a broken *olla*. Thou awakenest, like opium, dreams of impossible happiness. Thy strong, sensuous aroma is like a vision.

The roses that appear in this month, at the height of their graceful beauty, are different. Those of May were children, these are grand ladies, and in their gently curved, pure white petals there is, I know not what, something of the masterly art of the world. If God had given them one more breath of life—one, not more—they would have spoken, but they are worth much more silent. An infinite grace, an incomparable delicacy, a beautiful ideal make of this flower Nature's own smile. When roses die the world becomes serious.

There in the distance, climbing high upon the ruins of an old wall, seeking for solitude, seeking for height, anxiously awaiting the peaceful night, is the gallant, the sentimental poet, the romantic jasmine, pallid and slender. It is all soul; touch it and it falls from the stem. It lives upon sentiment, it loves the night. If its perfume were music, the jasmine would be a nightingale.

We will fix our gaze upon the gay peonies. One does not need eyeglasses to see them, they are so large and arrogant. These impressive ladies do not gain my sympathy, and although it is beyond doubt that they are beautiful, one would admire rather than love them. Their beauty is more apparent than real. It is somewhat artificial. These ladies paint!

How grand and beautiful is this flower! Let us salute the magnolia, the Indian princess who came to visit and has remained with us. How aristocratic, how royal this amazon



is! It is not content with being a fragrant, delicious flower, but wishes to be a tree, that is to say, a man. See how daringly it rocks on the high branches and how it gazes, face to face, upon the lofty elm, the flowering chestnut and the quixotic eucalyptus. On the ground is a motley throng of pages and servants—gilliflowers, larkspur, people of no particular importance, who live by flattery in the shadow of the nobility.

Then there is the biblical lily, dressed like a Nazarene, always sweet and serene.

The honeysuckle, shy and melancholy because it is always homesick, is searching for the country from whence it has been brought against its will. It looks around anxiously for a chance to run away. It creeps over the tree trunks, over the railings and trellises until it reaches the garden wall with its nervous little hand. It climbs and clammers and pulls itself up to see the horizon and the infinite space, and to pretend to itself that it is free. This flower, like many persons, has nothing but hands, and they are white, delicate and fragrant. Although its slender fingers are always bent as if they were about to clutch something, yet they never do.

Let us pass on to the town! The immense republic of geraniums fills every space. It seems as if there is not land enough for these red caps that multiply with such marvellous rapidity. They increase like the vulgar herd, are as lasting as ignorance, and endure heat and cold like poverty itself. We must not omit the cacti, a swarm of heedless buffoons, some adorned with feathery plumes, while others have put on wide yellow breeches and some have gone so far as to hire complete Mephistopheles suits, like students in Carnival time, and have the effrontery thus to clothe their misshapen bodies with their

huge, protruding paunches. Others, thin and warty, with their hands in their pockets, follow after, laughing at everything, while the rest wave canes adorned with tufted knots of scarlet. But no one cares for these vegetable caricatures, flowers like lizards, plants that look like toads, that live isolated, without society, visited only by the bees that come at intervals to whisper a secret in their ears.

If the violets had not exhaled their last breath in May, if the hyacinths were not already departed spirits, if the dahlias were not still sleeping, the petunias still in their infancy and the narcissuses just beginning to toddle, if the anemones had not gone to the cold sepulchre of plant life and the *extrañas* were not still busy cutting out their gauzy ball-dresses, in order to appear in October, the floral panorama of June would be complete.

## II. IN THE COUNTRY.

A monster, a giant, a huge figure that looks like a man but is nothing more than a scarecrow, waves its arms and gesticulates in the middle of the field. This is the functionary charged with the task of informing the sparrows that the wheat was not planted for them. Ah, those sparrows, the rogues of creation! The most shameless thieves and pilferers on earth! When they make their nests they go into the houses to rob the ladies' work boxes; they steal ravelings and rags which they dexterously turn into sheets and elder-down quilts for their young. Now, however, these graceless bandits roam the fields, exercising their rapacious depravity upon the wheat and garden-stuff. They eat everything, and nibble and taste as if it were necessary for them to give their opinion upon everything that God has created on

earth. If they were only like the poppies that are to be found everywhere, yet never touch anything!

How beautiful the wheat is! The rain was so seasonable that the sheaf is vigorous and filled with plump grains. It is already turning red, and as the weather continues dry and warm—because rain in San Juan takes away wine and does not give bread, as the saying is—the sickle will soon be used.

The farmer scarcely takes his eyes from the wheat except to look up at the heavens. This is the critical month, the month of hopes, the résumé of the year, the additional cipher to that large account of expenses and profits that lasts throughout the year. The farmer is content, and hopes to pay his contributions and the interest on the loan made by the village Jew, to buy new implements, to repair his house, to buy a gift for San Juan, and yet to keep a few gold pieces of five *duros* each in his purse for whatever contingency may arise. He weeds the wheat, the *garbanzas*, the lettuce and the beans, and hoes the potatoes and all the vegetables planted in the springtime. He examines his fruit trees to see if there is a prospect of a good harvest. There is an abundance of cherries; as for the pear trees, he can't tell just yet how they will turn out, but this noble family, always extremely courteous and attentive, gives in this month, as a special offering, delicious little pears which we accept with great rejoicing. San Juan brings them, he protects them and he gives them his name. This saint, who comes with his usual punctuality, has brought an abundance of acorns, and he is generous enough to say that he will do the same next year.

The farmer fumigates his vines, then spades and props them up, giving them little sticks to lean upon and

to stretch their growing shoots. Then he busies himself in planting carrots, several kinds of endives, Milan cabbages, broccoli, parsley and many other herbs that constitute the salad hierarchy. He also attends to a task as interesting as it is useful. He calls the sheep, and says to them: "Now that the summer heat has come, gentlemen, you do not need those winter cloaks."

The sheep have an admirable supply of wool; here is a ram proudly wearing a coat that many men would envy, there another with a long Russian cape of soft white wool. "Let us take these off, and you will feel more comfortable, sirs," adds the shepherd. "Your careful tailor will dress you for nothing next year, while I have to wear your cast-off clothing."

Then is heard the sound of shears, and the operation of cutting off the sheep's overcoats, cloaks and capes begins. Even the most ladylike ewes are stripped of their mantillas, and the little lambs lose their astrakan jackets.

In the farmyard, the mother hen appears delighted. Then, as God has taught her, by her sonorous cacklings she says to her master: "Now you have twenty more servants at your disposal." And they are vigorous little ones; they do not need a wet nurse, for they already know how to search for a living. With their little bodies covered with feathers, and here and there a bit of shell still clinging to them, they run around their mother, astonished at every thing—the sky, the light, the air—congratulating themselves that they have escaped from the gloomy egg where they were shut up against all justice and reason. The little ducks see a pool, they feel the genius of Columbus stirring within them, and *zas*—into the water they go! When they come out the hen reproves them for their dar-

ing, but they are so disobedient that they soon do the same thing again.

The big turkeys are putting on their red cravats and their hunting caps, and are going to the country in flocks, associating only with members of their own family, because these coxcombs are very proud of their birth and strut along gravely, uttering vain words, and even pronouncing discourses, like those of certain orators, filled with apostrophes and exclamations, but without a grain of sense.

Up in the mountains, among the black oats and thyme, a lamentable scene is occurring. Thousands of infuriated Señoras are buzzing and stinging, defending the fruit of their marvellous industry. They are the most skilful and daintiest makers of conserves, syrups and caramels in the world, and it is a pity that these delicious confections, upon which so much time and labor have been spent, should be stolen by a clownish rustic, who has, perhaps, not even washed his hands. The shameless fellow does not try to excuse himself, but says that medicine is made from honey, and candles for the saints from the wax.

"Subterfuges are not admitted here," they exclaim; "get out, robber, thief, vagabond! Our efforts have been in vain; our harvest, our wealth and our food,—all is gone. Poor, ruined sisters, what shall we do to restore our lost beehive?"

They begin another.

The persistent rustle of bruised leaves is no longer heard, we do not perceive the sound of voracious chewing. Silence! Manufacturers, workmen, weavers, down on your knees. The silk worm has begun her cocoon.

### III. IN THE KITCHEN.

As the meadows provide such appetizing food for the cattle, the meat of this month is the best of the year. The

beef and mutton are an honor to their reputation. There is still an abundance of strawberries, and the cherries come in clusters, because they do not like to come alone. Their shyness may be seen in the vivid color that tinges their cheeks. The grapes and melons have not come yet, but Toledo sends us delicious apricots.

Peas, radishes and artichokes show themselves in the marketplace every day, accompanied by bunches of late asparagus that beg a thousand pardons for not having come before.

The young chickens that, until now, have only served as "broilers," beg us to roast them with mushrooms. They gallantly recommend, by previous presentation, their cousins, the ducklings, and their relatives, the wild pigeons. An *hidalgo*, a grandee, a lord appears, hat in hand, begging us to place him at once in the baking pan, not forgetting to warn us to get a big one. He is tall and corpulent. He dresses in spotless white, and his rosy flesh indicates that we have here an English gentleman. It is Sir Salmon. Forward!

Behind him, begging for fire and oil and aromatic herbs, are the first soles. They bring affectionate messages from the oysters, who cannot come while the months are without an *r*. A few turbot also appear, and some small red sea bream with them.

### IV. RELIGION.

No matter how much he hurries, the poor saint cannot arrive until the thirteenth. He comes jaded and tired, his naked feet covered with blood from the scratching of the brambles. He has been preaching to the birds and fishes on the way, and for this reason could not come sooner. Moreover, he bears a great weight in his hands. He holds a book, and upon the book is a divine child, the Redeemer of the world. He also carries a staff of tube-

roses. His humble Franciscan habit is covered with patches, an unmistakable sign of poverty. His countenance is youthful, pallid, ardent and glowing, for devotion inflames it and mystical love spiritualizes it.

He is disturbed and saddened by the great number of petitions for marriages asked of him, which he cannot grant, and he also grieves over the unfortunate outcome of those he granted last year. He is prepared to receive a moderate number of requests for husbands, and many supplications for good wives.

God bless thee, saint of youth, of innocence, of tender love, of joyous hopes. God bless thee, most precious ornament of the celestial circles, sublime youth, soldier of Christ, the apostle of humanity and lover of the poor. Welcome guest in modest homes, God bless thee, incarnation of a simple faith, of the purest beliefs that have given peace and consolation to all ages. When thou settest thy unshod foot upon the rustic altar of the poor, it seems as if the humble dwelling were filled with celestial radiance. Rosy-tinted clouds hover over thee, and a sweet perfume is wafted from thy tuberoses, elevating the soul and filling it with the presage of the pure air to be breathed in the mansions of the just.

Receive the pious offerings of the poor, accept the glow of the oil lamps which pale before the torrents of divine light that thou bringest with thee, and lend an ear to the prayers and supplications made with a pure heart.

In some towns the farmers are so impious, so ungrateful—I have seen this myself—that when San Antonio does not accede to their requests they turn him around on the altar with his face to the wall. But these irreverent and sacrilegious exceptions do not generally affect or diminish the devotion

and popularity of the Paduan saint, the ideal figure of Catholicism, and one of the most perfect beings, and the least imitated while he walked here on earth.

Behind him comes another no less grand. He has been detained to administer the sacrament. He is already here, but he does not like to enter the town until the twenty-fourth. Quantities of fragrant sweet-basil, his special flower, a humble plant with an odor of the field rather than of the garden, are strewn about to do him honor. Certain heralds, called the ruskus of *Tia Javiesa*, accompany him, and the wayside is fairly paved with *bunuelos*.<sup>1</sup> All the flowers of the season are twined in fragrant wreaths. The houses are decorated with garlands of flowers, and the altars are veritable gardens of greenery and bloom.

In the streets, in the fields, upon the hillsides and mountains there can scarcely be found ways enough to give vent to the joy that floods the world, so instead of placing flowers, the people light bonfires. Roses and flames salute the envoy of God.

Ineffable content fills the town, which is not strange, for nearly every one here is called Juan. The dawn of the twenty-fourth is the most poetic of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. It does not seem like the dawn of other days. The clouds are like shores whereon are seen strange, fantastic cities. The sun does not appear above the horizon with the circumspection inherent in a person of so much weight and quality. No, his majesty comes up dancing, gambolling and leaping as if he were fairly intoxicated with joy. In the doorway of every house pitchers, basins and tubs reflect the gaiety of

<sup>1</sup> A pancake of egg and flour, fried in oil, eaten with wine and sugar on St. John's Day.

the king of stars, and the pictures made by the dancing sunlight in the liquid mirror are representations, more or less clear, of the individual destiny. The sparkling dew of the early morning has a mission as singular as it is interesting. It preserves beauty, and even plain women lave their faces in it, sure of being more attractive before the year is out. The white of an egg poured in a glass of water the night before assumes the strangest forms—a hieroglyph whose emblematic figures announce the contingencies of life. If the capricious alumen forms a coffin, death is near.

The saint has spent much time the night before in creeping softly from house to house to leave toys in the children's shoes; then he has placed garlands of flowers in the windows of the maidens, and as there are many of these, and it would not do to slight one, San Juan is a little late in his arrival at church.

It is true that we have high mass, which does not call for extraordinarily early rising.

What solemnity! What joy! What exalted enthusiasm fills the church! The sermon is upon the infancy of Jesus; a more appropriate subject could not have been chosen. While listening to the words of the priest, it seems as if it is the saint who is speaking, for his finger is raised, and the words seem to come from his half-opened mouth.

As the year has been fruitful, the festival leaves nothing to be desired in the way of fireworks, huzzas, songs, music by stringed instruments, wreaths, garlands of flowers, *tortillas* and bell ringing. By afternoon, many heads are lying low and others are propped up in corners. Alas! King Alcohol has his sway.

At night, most beautiful, radiant flowers flash across the black sky. Columns of fire are shot into the air,

and suddenly change into a multitude of flowers and brilliant lights that last a moment and then fall in glowing sparks. Gigantic flowers whirl before us like images of a feverish dream. There are towers, formed of countless stars, which fall apart as if a breath had blown them down, and all is darker than before. A luminous cloud floats in the black space, the last spark of the dying powder, which smiles as it expires. It is a floating ribbon, the pendant of the saint's cross—San Juan is going.

The days pass joyfully, and on the twenty-ninth two great keys appear; behind the keys a hand that grasps them, behind the hand an arm, then a beautiful bald head, a robust body, a man with a humble habit and bare feet. It is the prince of all the apostles, the fisherman Peter, the corner-stone, the head of the Church. Much may be said of him, but the saint himself prevents us. He frowns, steps forward, grasps his key, gives a turn, and closes this chapter for us.

#### V. IN THE SCHOOL.

Vacation! Vacation! Vacation! The fields are filled with poppies, the air with butterflies, the gardens with flowers and the universities with callow-headed youths. Many of the youngsters, nevertheless, are puffed up with pride to hear the words *cum laude* pronounced over them—a sign that they have come out of the classroom veritable wells of science—and their papas think so, too. This season brings forth bachelors of arts more abundantly than wheat, and it is a pleasure to see how much knowledge will be scattered about all over the earth. Every one sees mathematicians spinning tops, chemists jumping the rope, and philosophers riding a hobby-horse. Little lawyers, still in the bud, fill the towns, and the writs joyfully wave



their withered leaves at seeing them. Young doctors of twenty-one go out to feel the pulse of life, with great rejoicing in death.

Oh, month prolific above all months! Month of fruits, of flowers, of provisions, of mosquitoes, of examinations, chief delegate of the Creator, who has made even the *licentiates* an infinite phalanx from which comes forth the bustling swarm of politicians and office-seekers.

#### VI. IN HISTORY.

But thou also bringest us a harvest of great names. The third gave us the Marquis de la Concordia (1743); the fifth, the Economist, Adam Smith (1723); the sixth, thou createst the grand Cornelle, prince of French tragedians (1606), and baptizedst Velasquez, king of our painters (1599).

On the eighth, it did not seem good to give one, and thou gavest two: the English engineer, Stephenson (1781), and the Spanish orator, Olózaga (1805). On the tenth came a French admiral, Duguay-Trouin (1643), and the preacher, Flechler (1632). The eleventh, in the opulence of an Andalusian spring, full of light, flowers, soft, warm air and murmuring brooks, Cordova smiled and thou gavest us Góngora (1561). On the twelfth, by the birth of Arjona (1771) thou increasedst the number of lesser poets. The thirteenth was the birthday of Young, the melancholy singer of the "Night Thoughts" (1742). But these gifts seemed ordinary, and on the fifteenth, thou saidst with pride: "Here is one worth having," and Rembrandt was born in Holland (1606).

In order that we Spaniards should not feel piqued, thou gavest us, on the seventeenth, Espoz y Mina (1781). The English, not to be left out, received on the sixteenth, Castlereagh (1769). But thou wast eager to flatter France that

week, and in one day thou gavest the great prose writer, Pascal (1623), and Lamennais (1782), and on the twentieth, Leconte (1812). On the twenty-first came Royer Collard (1763), and Delille on the twenty-second (1738). Ah! thy conscience pricked thee, thou hadst given nothing to Germany, so on the same day, the twenty-second, Humboldt was sent (1767; Mehul (1763), Marlborough (1650) were gifts of the twenty-fourth; Charles XII (1682) of the twenty-seventh.

Thou reservedst thy best gifts, nevertheless, for the last days, and on the twenty-eighth thou saidst: "Here is Rousseau" (1712). In one day, the twenty-ninth—marvellous fecundity—thou gavest three masterpieces: Rubens (1577), Leopardi (1798) and Bastiat (1801). The insatiable world asked for more, and on the thirtieth thou madest the emperor, Peter the Great (1672), and an artist, Horace Vernet (1789).

Problem: given thy marvellous creative energy, O, June, if thou hadst had thirty-one days, who would have been the last gift?

The man who was not born, who was he, rather, who would he have been?

But thou hast also killed people. On the first, Berthier was carried away; on the second, Don Alvero de Luna; the fourth, Laura, the beloved of Petrarch. On the fifth died Egmont and Horn; George Sand on the eighth, and Camöens on the tenth; Bacon on the eleventh, and Xavier de Maistré on the twelfth. The fourteenth took away Kleber, the seventeenth Fermin Caballero; Moratin died on the twenty-first, and Zumalacarregui on the twenty-fourth; D'Affre on the twenty-fifth, and Pizarro on the twenty-sixth; the Marquis del Duero left this world on the twenty-seventh, and on the twenty-eighth Guillen de Castro died.

Thou hast mowed, little brother,

thou hast cut down the flowers of the earth. It is a proof that thou hast sad days. Many have fallen. As for me, I wish that I may be left until the thirty-first.

*Benito Pérez Galdós.*

---

THE RECLUSE.

Winds of the World, to-night I hear  
Your bugles blowing shrill and clear;  
Calling, still calling. 'Tis in vain,  
I ride not at your call again.  
Ay me, and would you stir me yet  
To the old hope, the old regret,  
The passions and the pains of youth?  
Once like the knights of old I went  
Riding to tilt and tournament  
With shield of Faith and sword of Truth;  
Joy sang before me, I was blind  
To the grim care that rode behind.

But now within my cloistered heart  
Far from the world I dwell apart,  
Hearing but what I choose to hear.  
Shut out alike are Love and Fear,  
The two great brother-gods who go  
About the dim world, working woe.  
Here the sweet air is all unstirred  
Even by the far-felt, distant beat  
Of their strong wings, of their white feet.  
Their strange, mad music dies unheard  
Ere ever it can pass the bound  
That fences this my temple round.

Here would I dwell alone, as far  
From the fierce world as is the star  
That burns upon the brow of Eve;  
No more to joy, no more to grieve  
For aught that moves the lives of men.  
Ah, heart of mine, what thrills thee then  
In that faint call that rings afar?  
Music and laughter rise and fall,  
And evermore the bugles call  
To Life, and Love, and glorious War.  
Hark to the thunder of the drum,  
Winds of the World, I come, I come!

Longman's Magazine.

*D. J. Robertson.*



## THE HEART OF DARKNESS.\*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

## II.

"I left in a French steamer, and she called in every blamed port they have out there, for, as far as I can see, the sole purpose of landing soldiers and custom house officers. I watched the coast. Watching a coast as it slips by the ship is like thinking about an enigma. There it is before you—smiling, frowning, inviting, grand, mean, insipid or savage, and always mute with an air of whispering—come and find out. This one was almost featureless, as if still in the making, with an aspect of monotonous grimness. The edge of a colossal jungle, so dark green as to be almost black, fringed with white surf, ran straight like a ruled line, far, far away along a blue sea, whose glitter was blurred by a creeping mist. The sun was fierce, the land seemed to glisten and drip with steam. Here and there grayish, whitish specks showed up, clustering inside the white surf, with a flag flying above them, perhaps. Settlements, some centuries old, and still no bigger than pin-heads on the untouched expanse of their background. We pounded along, stopped, landed soldiers, went on, landed custom house clerks to levy toll in what looked like a God-forsaken wilderness with a tin shed and a flag-pole lost in it, landed more soldiers to take care of the custom house clerks—presumably. Some, I heard, got drowned in the surf, but whether they did or not nobody seemed particularly to care. They were just flung out there, and on we went. Every day the coast looked the same, as though we had not moved, but we passed various

places, trading places, with names like Gran' Bassam, Little Popo, names that seemed to belong to some sordid farce acted in front of a sinister backcloth. The idleness of a passenger, my isolation amongst all these men with whom I had no point of contact; the oily and languid sea; the uniform sombreness of the coast seemed to keep me away from the truth of things within the toll of a mournful and senseless delusion. The voice of the surf heard now and then was a positive pleasure, like the speech of a brother. It was something natural, that had its reasoning, that had a meaning. Now and then a boat from the shore gave one a momentary contact with reality. It was paddled by black fellows. You could see from afar the whites of their eyeballs glistening. They shouted, sang; their bodies streamed with perspiration; they had faces like grotesque masks—these chaps, but they had bone, muscle, a wild vitality, an intense energy of movement that was as natural and true as the surf along their coast. They wanted no excuse for being there. They were a great comfort to look at. For a time I would feel I belonged still to a world of straightforward facts, but the feeling would not last long. Something would turn up to scare it away. Once, I remember, we came upon a man-of-war anchored off the coast. There wasn't even a shed there, and she was shelling the bush. It appears the French had one of their wars going on thereabouts. Her ensign dropped like a rag. The muzzles of the long, eight-inch guns stuck out all over the low hull, the greasy, slimy swell swung her up lazily, and let her down, swaying her thin masts. In the empty im-

\* Copyright by S. S. McClure &amp; Co.

mentary of earth, sky and water there she was, incomprehensible, firing into a continent. Pop would go one of the eight-inch guns, a small flame would dart and vanish, a little white smoke would disappear, a tiny projectile would give a feeble screech—and nothing happened. Nothing could happen. There was a touch of insanity in the proceeding, a sense of lugubrious drollery in the sight, and it was not dissipated by somebody on board assuring me earnestly that there was a camp of natives—he called them enemies—hidden out of sight somewhere.

"We gave her her letters (I heard the men in that lonely ship were dying of fever at the rate of three a day), and went on. We called at some more places with farcical names where the merry dance of death and trade goes on in a still and earthy atmosphere, as of an overheated catacomb; all along the formless coast bordered by dangerous surf, as if nature herself had tried to ward off intruders; in and out of rivers, streams of death in life, whose banks were rotting into mud, whose waters thickened into slime, invaded the contorted stems of mangroves that seemed to writhe at us in the extremity of an impotent despair. Nowhere did we stop long enough to get a particularized impression, but the general sense of vague and oppressive wonder grew upon me. It was like a weary pilgrimage amongst hints for nightmares.

"It was upward of thirty days before I saw the mouth of the big river. We anchored off the seat of the government; but my work would not begin till some 200 miles further on. So as soon as I could, I made a start for a place 30 miles higher up.

"I had my passage on a little sea-going steamer. Her captain was a Swede, and knowing me for a seaman, invited me on the bridge. He was a young man, lean, fair and morose, with

lanky hair and a shuffling gait. As we left the miserable little wharf he tossed his head contemptuously at the shore. 'Been living there?' he asked. I said yes. 'Fine lot these government chaps—are they not?' he went on, speaking English with great precision and considerable bitterness. 'It is funny what some people will do for a few francs a month. I wonder what becomes of that kind when it goes up country?' I said to him I expected to see that soon. 'So—o—o!' he exclaimed. He shuffled athwart, keeping one eye ahead vigilantly. 'Don't be too sure,' he continued. 'The other day I took up a man who hanged himself on the road. He was a Swede, too.' 'Hanged himself? Why, in God's name?' I cried. He kept on looking out watchfully. 'Who knows? The sun was too much for him, or the country, perhaps.'

"At last we turned a bend. A rocky cliff appeared, mounds of turned-up earth by the shore, houses on a hill, others with gray roofs among a waste of excavations or hanging to the declivity. A continuous noise of rapids above hovered over this scene of inhabited devastation. A lot of people, mostly black and naked, moved about like ants. A jetty projected into the river. A blinding sunlight drowned all this at times in a sudden recrudescence of glare. 'There's your company's station,' said the Swede, pointing to three wooden barrack-like structures hanging on the rocky slope. 'I will send your things up. Four boxes, did you say? So. Farewell.'

"I came upon a boiler wallowing in the grass—then found a path leading up the hill. It turned aside for the boulders and also for an undersized railway truck lying there on its back with its wheels in the air. One was off. The thing looked as dead as the carcase of some animal. I came upon more pieces of decaying machinery, stacks of rusty nails. To the left a

clump of trees made a shady spot where dark things seemed to stir feebly. I blinked, the path was steep. A horn tooted to the right, and I saw the black people run. A heavy and dull detonation shook the ground, a puff of smoke came out of the cliff—and that was all—no change appeared on the face of the rock. They were building a railway. The cliff was not in the way of anything, but this objectless blasting was all the work going on.

"A slight clinking behind me made me turn my head. Six black men advanced in a file, toiling up the path. They walked erect and slow, balancing small baskets full of earth on their heads, and the clink kept time with their footsteps. Black rags were wound round their loins, and the short ends behind wagged to and fro like tails. I could see every rib. The joints of their limbs were like knots in a rope; each had an iron collar on his neck, and all were connected together with a chain whose bights swung between them, rhythmically clinking. Another report from the cliff made me think suddenly of that ship of war I had seen firing into a continent. It was the same kind of ominous voice; but these men could, by no stretch of imagination, be called enemies. They were called criminals—and the outraged law, like the bursting shells, had come to them, an insoluble mystery from over the sea. All their meagre breasts panted together, the violently dilated nostrils quivered, the eyes stared stonily up hill. They passed me within six inches without a glance, with that complete death-like indifference of unhappy savages. Behind this raw matter one of the reclaimed, the product of the new forces at work, strolled despondently, carrying a rifle by its middle. He had a uniform jacket with a button off, and, seeing a white man on the path, hoisted his weapon on to his shoulder with alacrity. This was simple prudence,

white men being so much alike at a distance that he could not tell who I might be. He was speedily reassured, and with a large, white, rascally grin and a glance at his charge, seemed to take me into partnership in his exalted trust. After all, I also was a part of the great cause of these high and just proceedings.

"Instead of going up, I turned and descended to the left. My idea was to let that chain-gang get out of sight before I climbed the hill. You know I am not particularly tender. I've had to strike and fend off. I've had to resist and to attack sometimes—that's only one way of resisting—without counting the exact cost—according to the demands of such sort of life as I had blundered into. I've seen the devil of violence, and the devil of greed, and the devil of hot desire, but, by all the stars, these were strong, lusty, red-eyed devils that swayed and drove men—men, I tell you. But as I stood on this hillside, I foresaw that in the blinding sunshine of that land I would become acquainted with a flabby, pretending, weak-eyed devil of a rapacious and pitiless folly. How insidious he could be, too, I was only to find out several months later and a thousand miles further. For a moment I stood appalled, as though by a warning. Finally, I descended the hill, obliquely, toward the trees I had seen.

"I avoided a vast artificial hole somebody had been digging on the slope, the purpose of which I found it impossible to divine. It wasn't a quarry or a sandpit, anyhow. It might have been connected with the philanthropic desire of giving the criminals something to do. I don't know. Then I nearly fell into a very narrow ravine, almost no more than a scar on the hillside. I discovered that a lot of imported drainage pipes for the settlement had been tumbled in there. There wasn't one that was not broken. It was a wanton

smashup. At last I got under the trees. My purpose was to stroll into the shade for a moment, but it seemed to me I had stepped into the gloomy circle of some inferno. The river was near, and an uninterrupted, uniform, headlong, rushing noise filled the mournful stillness of the grove, where not a breath stirred, not a leaf moved, with a mysterious sound, as though the tearing pace of the launched earth had suddenly become audible.

"Black shapes crouched, lay, sat between the trees, leaning against the trunks, clinging to the earth, half coming out, half effaced within the dim light, in all the attitudes of pain, abandonment and despair. Another mine on the cliff went off, followed by a slight shudder of the soil under my feet. The work was going on. The work! And this was the place where some of the helpers had withdrawn to die.

"They were dying slowly—it was very clear. They were not enemies, they were not criminals, they were nothing earthly now, nothing but black shadows of disease and starvation lying confusedly in the greenish gloom. Brought from all the recesses of the coast in all the pomp of time contracts, lost in uncongenial surroundings, fed on unfamiliar food, they sickened, became inefficient, and were then allowed to crawl away and rest. These moribund shapes were free as air—and nearly as thin. I began to distinguish everywhere the gleam of eyes under the trees. Then glancing down I saw a face near my hand. The black bones reclined at full length, with one shoulder against the tree, and slowly the eyelids rose and the sunken eyes looked up at me, enormous and vacant, a kind of blind, white flicker in the depths of the orbs, which died out slowly. The man seemed young—almost a boy—but you know with them it's hard to tell. I found nothing else to do but to offer

him one of my good Swede's ship biscuits I had in my pocket. The fingers closed slowly on it and held—there was no other movement. He had tied a bit of white worsted round his neck. Why? Where did he pick it up? Was it a badge—an ornament—a charm—a propitiatory act? Was there any idea at all connected with it? It looked startling round his black neck, this bit of white thread from beyond the seas.

"Near the same tree two more bundles of acute angles sat with their legs drawn up. One, with his chin propped on his knees, stared at nothing in an intolerable and appalling manner. His brother phantom rested his forehead as if overcome with a great weariness; and all about, others were scattered in every pose of contorted collapse, as in some picture of a massacre or a pestilence. While I stood horror-struck, one of these creatures rose to his hands and knees and went off on all fours towards the river to drink. He lapped out of his hand, then sat up in the sunlight, crossing his shins in front of him, and, after a time, let his woolly head fall on his breastbone.

"I didn't want any more loitering in the shade, and I made haste towards the station. When near the buildings I met a white man in such an unexpected elegance of get-up that, in the first moment, I took him for a sort of vision. I saw a high, starched collar, white cuffs, a light alpaca jacket, snowy trousers, a clean necktie and varnished boots. No hat. Hair parted, brushed, oiled, under a green-lined parasol held in a big white hand. He was amazing, and had a penholder behind his ear.

"I shook hands with this miracle, and I learned he was the company's chief accountant, and that all the book-keeping was done at this station. He had come out for a moment, he said, 'to get a breath of fresh air.' The expression sounded wonderfully odd with its suggestion of sedentary desk life.

I wouldn't have mentioned the fellow to you at all only it was from his lips that I first heard the name of the man who is so indissolubly connected with the memories of that time. Moreover, I respected the fellow. Yes, I respected his collars, his vast cuffs, his brushed hair. His appearance was certainly that of a hairdresser's dummy, but in the great demoralization of the land he kept up his appearance. That's backbone. His starched collars and got-up shirt fronts were achievements of character. He had been out nearly three years, and, later on, I could not help asking him how he managed to sport such linen. He had just the faintest blush, and said, modestly: 'I've been teaching one of the native women about the station. It was difficult. She had a distaste for the work.' Thus this man had verily accomplished something. And he was devoted to his books.

"Everything in the station was in a muddle—heads, things, buildings. Strings of dusty niggers, with splay feet, arrived and departed; and a stream of manufactured goods, rubbishy cotton, heads and brass wire, set into the depths of darkness, and in return came a precious trickle of ivory.

"I had to wait in the station for 10 days—an eternity. I lived in a tent set up in the yard. To be out of the chaos, I would sometimes get into the accountant's office. It was built of horizontal planks, and so badly put together that, as he bent over his high desk, he was barred from neck to heels with narrow strips of sunlight. There was no need to open the big shutter to see. It was hot there, too. Big flies buzzed fiendishly, and did not sting, but stabbed. I sat generally on the floor, while, of faultless appearance (and even slightly scented), perching on a high stool, he wrote—he wrote. Sometimes he stood up for exercise. When a truckle-bed with a sick man

(some invalided agent from up-country) was put in there, he exhibited a gentle annoyance. 'The groans of this sick person,' he said, 'distract my attention. And without that it is extremely difficult to guard against clerical errors in this climate.'

"One day he remarked, without lifting his head: 'In the interior you will, no doubt, meet Mr. Kurtz.' On my asking who Mr. Kurtz was, he said he was a first-class agent, and, seeing my disappointment at this information, he added, slowly, laying down his pen: 'He is a very remarkable person.' Further questions elicited from him that Mr. Kurtz was at present in charge of a trading post, a very important one, in the true Ivory country at 'the very bottom of "there." Sends in as much Ivory as all the others put together. . . .' He began to write again. The sick man was too ill to groan. The flies buzzed in great peace.

"Suddenly there was a growing murmur of voices and a great tramping of feet. A caravan had come in. A violent babble of uncouth sounds burst out on the other side of the planks. All the carriers were speaking together, and in the midst of the uproar the lamentable voice of the chief agent was heard 'giving it up' tearfully for the 20th time that day. . . . He rose slowly. 'What a frightful row,' he said. He crossed the room gently to look at the sick man, and, returning, said to me: 'He does not hear.' 'What? Dead?' I asked, startled. 'No. Not yet,' he answered, with great composure. Then, alluding with a toss of the head to the tumult in the station yard: 'When one has got to make correct entries, one comes to hate those savages—hate them to the death.' He remained thoughtful for a moment. 'When you see Mr. Kurtz,' he went on, 'tell him from me that everything here'—he glanced at the desk—'is very satisfactory. I don't like to write to him—

with those messengers of ours you never know who may get your letter at that central station.' He stared at me for a moment with his mild, bulging eyes. 'Oh, he will go far, very far,' he began again. 'He will be a somebody in the administration before long. They above—the council in Europe, you know—mean him to be.'

"He turned to his work; the noise out-

Blackwood's Magazine.

(To be continued.)

## THE SLUM MOVEMENT IN FICTION.

Those who watch the literary firmament had begun to think that the stars of slum literature were set, never to rise again, when behold! new stars, one, two, and three, make their appearance in the heavens, all of them twinkling brightly, and, doubtless, the forerunners of many yet to come.

The truth is that it is no easy matter to say where any literary movement has its end, because it is always going on into fresh forms just as the public gets tired of the well-worn ones, and we recognize old friends with new faces at every turn. Books have, in fact, a very distinct evolutionary history in most cases, and sporadic appearances are infrequent in the world of letters.

Now, while it would show quite wicked pride to pretend to an exhaustive knowledge of Slum Literature—its appearance and its evolution—I have watched its later developments with so much attention that perhaps my observations upon these may have some interest for readers who have neither time nor inclination to cope with the scores of novels which represent the movement. It is no light thing to hear even the half that the novelists have to say upon any subject. I do not pretend to have heard

side had ceased, and presently as I went out I stopped at the door. In the steady buzz of flies the homeward-bound agent was lying flushed and insensible; the other, bent over his books, was making correct entries of perfectly correct transactions, and 50 feet below the doorstep I could see the still tree-tops of the grove of death."

more than a third of their much speaking.

Many authors, many modes of presentation; but, in spite of this, it is easy to arrange our authors into distinct "schools," each writing from their own standpoint. The slum and the slum-dweller, then, may be, and have been, treated in (at least) five different ways:—

1. As a moral lesson.
2. As a social problem.
3. As an object of pity and terror.
4. As a gladiatorial show.
5. As an amusing study.

The first of these divisions belongs now to a bygone age; the second and third merge into each other; the fourth has not very many exponents; the fifth is the latest evolution of the whole movement.

"I saw no reason, when I wrote this book," says the author of "Oliver Twist," "*why the dregs of life should not serve the purpose of a moral as well as the froth and cream* . . . It seemed to me that to draw a knot of such associates in crime as really did exist, to paint them in all their deformity, in all their wretchedness, in all the squalid misery of their lives; to show them as they really were, forever skulking uneasily through the dirtiest paths of



life, with the great, black, ghastly gallows closing up their prospect; turn them where they might, it appeared to me that to do this would be to attempt something which was needed, and which might be of service to society." With these words Dickens prefaced his great excursion into Slum-land; in that decent age when an author still thought that he owed his readers some apology for introducing them into low society. These days are long gone by indeed; quite another race of authors has come up to write about the "dregs of life," and another race of readers, too, for that matter, one of whose characteristics is that it cannot bear the very mention of a moral.

Be that as it may, Dickens, the first modern exponent of slum-life, wrote of it as a moralist, or professed to do so. The earlier Victorian era was given over to curious illusions about many things, and was not fond of calling a spade a spade. We find it difficult to believe that Dickens really thought primarily about the moral of "Oliver Twist," whatever he said. He was far too great an artist to do anything of the kind; but the Victorian convention was strong upon him! he must fib a little about his work for decency's sake. In reality, surely, his artist's eye had caught sight, in one ecstatic moment, of the dramatic possibilities that lurked in the "knot of associates in crime," and he must be at them with his pen straightway. Still, he finds an apology necessary, and makes it: "I cannot see why the dregs of life should not serve as a moral," etc. Ah, what a free hand Dickens had had in these present evil days! No apologizing, no disguising of his eagerness for his subject. I wonder sometimes that a skeleton hand, grasping a ghostly pen, has not appeared to write upon the walls—well, perhaps just the best slum-story of them all.

But we are all the slaves of our gen-

eration for good or evil; and Dickens had to write of the slums as they were conceived of in his day—decently, with restraint, leaving the greater part unsaid, and *pointing a moral*. Have you read "Oliver" lately? or do you remember him distinctly enough to establish comparisons between him and his grandchildren of the "nineties?" Such comparisons are laughable enough. How the whole presentation of low life has been turned round about since the publication of "Oliver Twist!" And to notice particulars first, how the speech differs. Every one knows, of course, that the dialect of Dickens's London was not the dialect of ours. But, making all allowance for this fact, we can scarcely forbear a smile when we read the grammatical periods of Nance:—"Thank Heaven upon your knees, dear lady (cries Nance in one of those admirably composed exclamatory passages), that you had friends to care for you and keep you in your childhood, and that you were never in the midst of cold and hunger and riot and drunkenness, and—and something worse than all—as I have been from my cradle. I may use the word, for the alley and the gutter were mine, as they will be my death-bed!" Now (I know nothing of Cockney dialect but what the novelists have taught me) the lady would be exclaiming more to this effect:—

"Thank yer bloomin' stars, lydle, as you 'ad pals a-lookin' arter yer wen you was a bloomin' kid, an' wa'nt clemmed with 'unger an' goin' on the booze, an' maybe street-walkin', like I've been since I was a kid," &c., &c., &c.

The difference in this respect is certainly sufficiently laughable; yet it may be a matter of question whether the realistic method really conveys its impression much more vividly than the Victorian method. Dialect may be—has been—carried too far, and trusted



to too much. For dialect, be it never so accurately done, will not convey character one whit; and Nance, with all her fine speeches, stands the test of time as a character better than most of the realistically treated figure-heads of modern books.

But it is not in detail so much as in purpose that the difference lies. As I have said, Dickens from the outset is moralizing; and that is what no modern author would dare to do for a moment—because no one would read his books if he did. The awful retribution of sin, the hard way of the transgressor, is not what we wish to hear about in 1900, whatever the public of earlier days liked. It is much more to our taste to read of the triumph of the transgressor and the total defeat of innocence by inexorable fate. If any "modern" had undertaken to write *Oliver Twist's* memoirs, the story would have put on quite another complexion; Oliver would never have been allowed to extricate himself from the snares of Fagin, but would have gone deeper and deeper into the meshes, spite of youth, and endeavor after good, and mother's prayers, and everything else; for nowadays we must be "relentless," come what may. *The Moral*, in fact (using the expression in its Victorian sense), is extinct; we recognize the uselessness of asserting that "good always triumphs" in the end, or of denying that the wicked are often much more prosperous than the righteous; so we have stopped writing stories to that effect, and the pendulum has of course swung too far in the opposite direction. Still, the public taste holds firmly to the old convention, as you may see exemplified at the theatre any and every night. The villain is always hissed; the audience has nothing but applause when the virtuous hero is successful; it is only in our books that we reverse this law of taste.

Now morality and religion should go

hand in hand, yet it is a curious fact that where religion is brought into slum-books, all literary value leaves them; while, as we have seen in "*Oliver Twist*," the highest literary standard has been reached when the moral is insisted upon. Impossible to account for this fact, I can only mention it and call to your remembrance a host of half-forgotten story-books, the favorites of our childhood. Poor relations these of the slum novel: "*Christy's Old Organ*," "*Froggie's Little Brother*," &c., &c., &c. How sorely we all wept over these tales in the impressionable days of youth! We thought that death was the saddest thing in the world then, and the pages of these books were positively starred with death-bed scenes of a very pious nature. Alas! between Literature and Life we have become so callous now that we read dry-eyed of sorrows far more bitter.

Yet, radically and ridiculously apart as these humble stories were from the realistic slum-books of the present day, they were links in the evolutionary chain none the less. In them the modern spirit of pity was beginning to make itself felt, as distinct from Dickens's attitude to the "dregs of society." In these tender pages we learned a great deal about the sufferings of the poor—in a refined, unrealistic fashion. We were encouraged to wonder what we could do to assuage these sufferings, and the poor victims of poverty and crime were no longer pointed out as beacons—after the Dickens fashion.

But these trembling efforts at slum literature were suddenly pushed aside by a vigorous hand, and the whole school of social reformers sprang into being with "*Alton Locke*." What a long reign they have had to be sure—they are reigning still! Surely every unwholesome trade has had its novel; every grievance of the toilers its special pleader in fiction. All honor to the

reformers, and long may they blossom and bear fruit. What Kingsley began, Besant went on into, and a host of smaller writers, well-intentioned but nameless, followed hard upon their masters. Year after year the public returns with apparently unsated appetite to the novel of social reform; and it is a healthy sign that this should be the case. Once more we have the old problem dished up in "5 John Street," that curiously popular book of last season. There is much that is true in this book, but not much that is new. Doubtless the horrors of yet one more unwholesome trade are shown up here in a very dramatic way; but the cure which the author announces for this and all kindred ills is such an old one that it seems rather unnecessary to write a novel in illustration of it. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them likewise," was said once for all many hundred years ago; but the public greets it as quite a new doctrine, and "5 John Street" sells at an amazing rate. This interest in social reform books is certainly more healthy than the rush which was made for the two other classes of slum literature which I have mentioned—i.e., (1) the school of pity and terror, and (2) the school of brutality.

The demand for the first of these is, I hope, explained by the fact that the writers of this school have written so admirably.

It was in 1890 that Gissing brought out that extraordinary book "The Nether World." This man would seem to have been in hell. Other men crawl to the edges of the pit and look over at the poor devils that writhe in its flames—he has come up out of it, and now, like the man of the parable, would testify to his brethren lest they too enter that place of torment! As no one else has ever done—I would almost venture to prophesy as no one else

will ever do—Gissing writes the tragedy of Want. It is not written with brutality, and that is why it is so terrible and undeniable. This bald incisiveness beggars the vulgar exaggeration of other writers who, by overstating their case, deprive it of effect. As we read we know that every word is true—this is hunger, and heaven help the hungry!—this despair indeed—not the glib despair which the novelists deal in by the page, but that mortal disease of the mind which is past all cure. Gissing has no gospel of hope to offer his readers. "Work as you will," he says, "there is no chance of a new and better world until the old be utterly destroyed." The "lower orders" are, to his seeing, one huge tragedy: "*A Great Review of the People. Since man came into being did the world ever exhibit a sadder spectacle?*" he enquires. There is no more awful fate by his showing than life in the East End. He writes of travelling "across miles of a city of the damned, such as thought never conceived before this age of ours; stopping at stations which it crushes the heart to think should be the destination of any mortal," and in this key of almost insane depression "The Nether World" continues from its first page to its last—a terrible book, but one that is deserving of more fame than it ever got.

This was in 1890. In 1892-3 Kipling published his first (and last?) slum story, "Badalla Herodsfoot," and the school of pity was fairly ushered in. Because, where Kipling goes, it is safe to say that many follow. I do not mean to say that a man as clever as Arthur Morrison copies from any one—it is only another instance of the provoking fact that where one clever mind strikes out an idea for itself, another is almost certain to be striking out the same idea at the same moment—it is a sort of mental contagion which has to be reckoned with in literary matters.

However that may be, Kipling published "Badalia" in 1893, and Arthur Morrison published "Tales of Mean Streets" in 1894, and the same spirit and temper ran through them both—humanity at its lowest social ebb, yet exhibiting brilliant, wandering lights of soul. We are well versed in the types now, after seven years' instruction in them—they came as a surprise to us in 1894. Henceforward Arthur Morrison became the most prominent exponent of the School of Pity. His "Child of the Jago" continued the tradition at its best, and exhibited the "relentless" modern method very plainly. For here is the story of a boy of originally good, tender instincts, who, like Oliver Twist, is in training for a thief. Does innocence triumph here? Is there a measure of hope and comfort at the close? Impossible. Dicky Perrot—the "Oliver" of our day—has never a chance from the cradle to the grave, and the grave has to swallow him up at the end, because it is probably the only way left for the author to take with his character. It is a book of searching interest and great power, of horrible detail, but withal of deepest pity. We all read the books of Arthur Morrison, and shuddered over them; some people were apparently reading them without the shudder, for in 1897 appeared yet another recruit to the ranks of slum literature, who, in slang phrase, seemed to be determined to "go one better" than his predecessors. The brutal school had appeared. "The vituperative vernacular of the nether world," says Mr. Glissing, "has never yet been exhibited by typography, and *presumably never will be*"—but this prophecy was too sanguine; nine years later Mr. Glissing would not have been so sure about what typography might be called upon to produce. There is practically now no limit to what may be done in this way—unless, indeed, we are forced to start

a censor of novels as well as of plays. "Liza of Lambeth" saw the light in 1897. It is a story of brutal frankness and sickening import, and has, alas, too surely set a fashion for this sort of thing. We are spared nothing: the reek of the streets; the effluvia of unwashed humanity; but worse than all these outside things is the hopeless moral atmosphere in which the characters move. There are no wandering lights here, the moral darkness is unpierced by so much as a ray of brightness. Nor does the author seem to write in any spirit of pity, or with any love for the creatures he has made. With a stolid indifference he chronicles their hopeless sufferings; without apparent disgust he details the loathsome vices which degrade them; the whole thing is so gratuitous. Why all these horrors? Why all this filth? Such recitals cannot even be defended from the point of view of art, setting aside any question of morality—and, books being primarily supposed to be works of art, this should be the deepest condemnation that can be passed upon any work. Now this brutal—gratuitously brutal—class of book stands accused by its entire lack of light and shade, its continual overstrain. Such work is like a man who shouts at the pitch of his voice and calls the noise he produces music; or, like the daubs of color a child covers his paper with, calling it a picture. All intelligence leaves any so-called art when it is without light and shade, and where intelligence is left out, art ceases to exist. It is perhaps only fair to admit that inartistic as such work may be, it has a horrid power of its own. This is the very reason, however, why it should be swept away root and branch. It is exactly the same thing in a lesser degree for us to sit down deliberately to read these books, as it was for the much-blamed crowds of sightseers to flock to the bull-fights at Boulogne last

summer—the same love of “a new shiver” is the cause of it—or, perhaps, the aboriginal thirst for blood and horror which is said to lurk in every one of us.

I have remarked that these pictures of slum-life are inartistic—we might still consider it a painful duty to read them if they were true. For it is, no doubt, a good thing to know how half the world lives. But this is just where these books fail. Life in the slums has its joys quite as surely, if not as evidently, as life in palaces, and it is very ridiculous to suppose that it has not.

This was a fact which was working obscurely in the writings of Arthur Morrison. “The Child of the Jago” scarcely admits the joys of slum-life, but it gives a fair idea of its pleasurable, if savage, excitements—the ecstasy of Dicky Perrot’s absorption in the prize fight, the lust of battle, the gratulation of successful thieving—all these dubious joys are most freely admitted.

But it remained for yet newer recruits to the slum-writers to discover what I venture to say is more nearly the ultimate truth about slum-dwellers, and to describe this. “Mord ‘Emly” and “The Hooligan Nights” both give voice to this new discovery, and with admirable art, that is quite without exaggeration, show the wild joys and excitements of slum-life. It is no unthinking optimist, but a shrewd observer of human nature, who describes the desperate gloom of Mord ‘Emly when she finds herself in the respectable suburban kitchen, far from the gay life of her native slum! None of us can do anything but sympathize with her when she makes her wild “break” for liberty and returns, like a homing pigeon, to the haunts of childhood. What else would she do? Where else would she be? And, after all, Mord can hold up her head with

the best of us, though she does live in the “nether world” and dearly loves a street fight! There comes the truth; every slum-dweller is not entirely depraved, or desperately miserable—and Mr. Pett Ridge, by boldly breaking away from the tragic convention of the slums, has come into a new kingdom. But, as I have already pointed out, no man reigns long alone in any literary kingdom; and Mr. Clarence Rooke has entered into possession along with Mr. Pett Ridge. And, again, following precedent, the former exaggerates in “The Hooligan Nights” the joys of slum-life till we are fain to ask “Who would now be honest?” For, by his showing, “Young Alf,” the Hooligan, has a much better time of it than honest men. There is little to deplore in Alf’s lot: not much want; no dullness; plenty of excitement; no hard work. And, withal, Alf is such an engaging young man. We hope he will burgle our house if it is to be burgled, for we would scarcely mind his doing so, and certainly would meet him quite unconcernedly at dead of night. Indeed, we wish Alf all joy in his profession!

To my way of thinking, these latest contributions to slum literature are probably more near the truth in their picture of slum-life than any of their predecessors, yet it may be seriously questioned whether all attempts in this sort are not vain? The gulf that separates the educated man and woman from the uneducated is curiously difficult to bridge. We may believe as firmly as we like that we are brothers or sisters “under our skin,” yet remain in heathen ignorance all the while of the real truth about each other. What we mutually *see* must always be only the surface of things, and anything beyond that no more than clever conjecture. Let us say, then, that the probabilities seem to be with the latest contributors! They avoid successfully the

weak points where their predecessors have broken down, are not too moral, or too boring about reform; or too

hopelessly tragical, or too desperately brutal; they take, in fact the middle road of proverb with good results.

*The National Review.*

*Jane H. Findlater.*

---

## THE RETURN OF THE SEASONS.

The snowdrop has been seen flowering in the open before the end of December in the Botanic Gardens of Edinburgh. In the same gardens, however, it has, in an exceptional year, been known not to flower before the 21st of March, while the usual date of its first appearance on the same spot, calculated from the records of a quarter of a century, is about the last week of January.

Here is a striking example, supplied by accurate and unbroken observations, of the remarkable discrepancies that may occur in the opening season of different years, according to the testimony of the vegetable world. The snowdrop is doubtless the first and best known of our early out-door flowers, and its habits can escape the notice of no one. Let us pass on, however, to another early bloom which is yet commoner, but which is very possibly the least well-known of all flowers; that of the common hazel, which, though exceedingly beautiful when closely examined, is so inconspicuous that possibly it is scarcely known to any save the botanist and the practical gardener. It is in the first days of February that the tiny crimson tassels crowning the scarce-opened buds may be seen scattered up and down the nut-branches. These hardy flowers have, equally with others, been the subject of close observation, and in the garden records aforesaid they have been noticed as appearing as early as the commence-

ment of the year, and even earlier, while again in other years they have not been seen until after Lady Day, or nearly three months later.

As may be supposed, a similar investigation has been extended to other plants growing out of doors, a large number having been selected and examined as a register of the year's first season. I have here regarded only two, but it will suffice since they are typical of the rest. In them we have Nature's record, showing accumulated temperature-readings as tabulated by her own methods. When we proceed further to enquire into the main causes which either accelerate or retard early blooms, we find two of chief importance: first, the amount of cloud, commonly greatest in December and early January; and secondly, the increase in the duration of sunshine, generally very noticeable at the end of January, by which time it is the common remark how much the days have drawn out.

As the combined result of these two causes, it will be found that, taking one year with another, January 12th may be regarded as approximately a turning-point in the Winter, and, on a calculation of averages, the balance of temperature should at this date be due to incline in favor of warmer days. I say nothing about colder weather later on, which is sure to occur in spells as the year proceeds. I note simply that, while warmth in the aggregate through

the opening season may vary enormously in different years, the turn of the tide of temperature may, on the average, be reckoned to begin ere the middle of January is reached. But before proceeding with the year, let us clear the ground somewhat further.

We are in the habit of regarding Christmas as properly a time of frost and snow, as though we have a right to expect on Christmas morning a picture after the fashion of the conventional Christmas card, the pond hard frozen, eaves fringed with icicles, and a robin perched on a window-sill inches deep in snow. This is altogether a mistake. It may have been otherwise a hundred years ago, in such Winters as we read of then, and such as may have been in vogue to a greater extent in a former century. From the old sayings, however, it would seem doubtful if this were really so. Thus it used to be said that if the ice would bear a man before Christmas, it would not bear a goose afterwards; from which it is to be gathered that early hard frost must have been unusual, since there is abundant testimony of severe and long-continued weather in the months of January and February.

Be this as it may, meteorological records of the past half century will show that at Christmas frost and snow are mainly conspicuous by their absence, and if only Whitaker's Almanac be consulted it will be found that the average temperature for Christmas Day, for the past fifty years, reads no lower than that of the first days of February, by which date the sun is two hours and twenty minutes longer above the horizon, and at noon is higher in the heavens by a space equal to fourteen times its own breadth. But if fact is to be gathered from weather-lore, we have much else to guide us in our present enquiry. Thus, there is an old and common saying, put in several forms, indicating that Candlemas Day will

show the opposite weather to that of the coming season, or that the worse the weather on that day the better will be the coming months, and conversely. No explanation can be given accounting for this old saw, but it is on all fours with the almost similar one to the effect that if March comes in like a lion it will go out like a lamb, the converse here also being considered equally true. It will be obvious that in the popular weather-wisdom of by-gone days there was a tendency to connect special spells and seasons with feasts or notable days of the Calendar. This is sufficiently shown in the traditions relating to St. Swithin, and in the little summers of St. Luke, St. Martin and so on. There are also local sayings such as that roads should should not be mended after St. Valentine's Day, and again, that dahlias are best replanted at Whitsuntide, albeit that moveable feast has an arbitrary range of about five weeks at a period all important for the gardener, from May 11th to June 14th. Such weather-lore, however, is not strictly confined to festivals; it does homage also to astronomical fixtures by the aphorism that the wind that blows on the day when the sun crosses the Line will be the prevailing wind of the Summer.

Before May is out, another reputed weather-sign has, of course, generally been read in the priority of the coming into leaf exhibited either by the oak or the ash. Like the ancient oracles, however, the old rhyme is, in this case, susceptible of a twofold interpretation. Thus we have,

Ash before Oak,  
Look out for a soak.  
Oak before Ash,  
Only a splash.

And again,—

Oak,—choke.  
Ash,—splash.



The first line in this latter version implies drought, the second rain.

Returning to Nature's teachings, we may see what important doctrine she has for us apart from mere records of rain and sunshine. The effect of sunlight, for instance, is not simply measured by its duration; this is obvious from the nature, and more particularly from the color, of the flowers that open to the light in each succeeding month. Broadly, it may be said that, starting with the beginning of the year and noting the sequence of flowers in each month till the end of Summer, when practically all plants have bloomed, the order of color arranges itself closely in accordance with the order of the colors of the spectrum, beginning with the blue end. It is true that the first blooms of all, those that have appeared by February, are whites and yellows, but these can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand, while by March the whites, yellows and blues are running level, with reds and purples scarcely showing. Then the blues forge ahead, and by May nearly half their number have bloomed, while of the whites about one-third, and of the reds and purples only one-quarter. The next month, however, when the sun attains its greatest altitude, the case entirely alters. Of the blues and whites seven-tenths have appeared, as against six-tenths of the remaining colors, a difference which in July has virtually ceased to exist, all colors then running neck and neck to the end of the season, the whites alone slightly leading. The actinic or chemical rays of sunlight are thus shown to be most vital to the chief function of plant-life.

A yet more attractive study, and one attended with more striking facts, is to be found in the way in which the bird creation recognizes and responds to the advance of the seasons. As might be expected, they have far more regard for dates than members of the

vegetable world, and are more independent of mere passing spells of exceptional weather. To the migrants punctuality within small limits is essential; nesting-time is a fixed period, and the departure southwards admits of no postponement. It is, indeed, accepted as a general fact that migratory birds are insectivorous, and, regarded in this view, the habits of the birds must, to some extent, shape themselves in accordance with those of the lower creation. This is the more apparent if, as is commonly asserted, each species of bird prays on its own particular insect. Ornithologists are, however, agreed that the true incentive to a change of quarters is not so much a question of food as an impulse born of instinct. Periodicity is characteristic of all life. The sap stirs in the old oak at practically the same date every year; almost to a week or a day in each year men are reminded of an old ailment or of an old injury; a toad gets out of his hole in Spring and makes for the pond with as much punctuality as if he knew all about the almanac; and it is the same with the birds. The sun reaches a certain point on the ecliptic, and the swallow is possessed with an irresistible desire for flight. That this must be so, is clearly shown by the fact that, despite their striking attachment to their young, they will often desert their second broods in seeming heartlessness, and yield to the yet stronger instinct of migration.

Unquestionably mankind is very largely affected by the arrival of definite periods, far more than may be commonly admitted. It is conventional to speak of the depressing effect of Autumn, associated as it necessarily is with the fall of the leaf. It may be doubted, however, if Spring be not a more trying time as regards animal spirits. Depression hardly seems compatible with the early days of hunting, or with a day's hard tramping, gun in

hand, over fields of roots or stubble. Whereas, on the other hand, there is a certain sentimental feeling inseparable from Spring, an indefinable sadness, not wholly unpleasing or unwelcome, perhaps, a melancholy which the returning life of another year seems to engender rather than dispel.

Perhaps it is Nature's new birth that more particularly brings back memories of years now past, and thereby reminds one more forcibly of the lapse of time. Or, more possibly, this somewhat sadder strain is but the natural outcome of a feebler pulse and lowered vitality after long months of winter, and of a languor peculiar, in our climate at any rate, to the weeks of Spring. Whether the average Briton, especially if he have not reached middle life, will commonly own to this, may be another matter; but, none the less, it is a general fact, and one unequivocally confessed to by the horse you ride or drive. With a vast number of people a listless feeling and sleepless nights testify to a condition of things often spoken of as "growing weather," when, for a while, the vegetable world has things all its own way; and in this connection certain melancholy statistics may find a place.

It is found that deaths by suicide become markedly more frequent in certain months, and though it might be supposed that periods of greater destitution might account for this, it clearly is otherwise. When the curve of this mortality has been duly plotted for the entire year, it shows a distinct minimum through the months when labor is scarcest and privations most abound, from September, that is to say, to the beginning of March. But the curve then abruptly changes, and deaths of this nature begin rapidly to increase, reaching their maximum in Spring and early Summer.

It is notable that September and November are months particularly free

from suicidal deaths, but February is freest of all. February is, in many respects, a remarkable period of the year. Very commonly there is a spell of glorious weather at some time during the month, more nearly counterfeiting the return of Summer, perhaps, than any week in May; yet February is also exceptional in its severity. Some of the hardest frosts and deepest snows have happened within its short span. It was in the beginning of February, 1814, that in London a fair was held on the ice, the Thames being frozen over and completely blocked for many days between London Bridge and that of Blackfriars. Again, in 1838, a nearly similar state of things prevailed. In 1895 one of the severest and most enduring falls of snow invaded the heart of the country in the month of February. And it was again, as all will remember, in the middle of February last that one of the direst visitations known in London of late years occurred, when on a Sunday (February 11th) the city was forlorn and forsaken of its traffic by reason of the ice-fields that stretched along the streets and the frozen snow on the pavement, which could only be laboriously chipped away through several days, and carted off by dribblets to the river.

At some time it would seem that February had acquired the reputation for extreme rainfall, from its being spoken of as February Fill Dyke. This, however, is hard to understand, in face of the fact that in the fifty years, 1841-90, the average rain-fall in February was the lowest of any month in the year, with the sole exception of March. Perhaps it was the not infrequent sudden melting of the snow in this month that gained for it the aforesaid nickname.

But seasonable irregularities of all kinds presently wear themselves out, and ere midsummer is reached it may fairly be said that the course of the year has attained its normal state.

Early rains may have forced vegetation, or, on the other hand, a parching May may have checked the promise that was all too fair; the sun and shower of April may have made the land to smile, or, again, late frosts may have blasted the country-side; but insensibly the time of Summer steals on, the sun climbs ever higher and higher, and presently the miracles of the world of Nature have developed in their own way. For on blade and plant and tree

*Macmillan's Magazine.*

the work of a month has somehow been effected by the magic of a single night or two when the chance has come at last.

And so it comes about that in the first days of June, vegetation is practically in fullest leaf, and by the time the forward meadows are fit for the scythe, be the crops rich or sparse, the struggles of past months have all been ended, and the time of Summer is as ever of old.

*John M. Bacon.*

---

## THE MAN WHO DIED.

### I.

Six years ago he was a remittance man, who received each month from his father, a Dorset parson, a letter and a cheque. The letter was not a source of pleasure to the son, and does not concern the reader; the cheque made five pounds payable to the order of Richard Beaumont Carteret, known to many men in California, and some women, as Dick. Time was when Mr. Carteret cut what is called a wide swath, when, indeed, he was kowtowed to as Lord Carteret, who drove tandem, shot pigeons and played all the games, including poker and faro. But the ten thousand pounds he inherited from his mother lasted only five years, and when the last penny was spent Dick wrote to his father and demanded an allowance. He knew that the parson was living in straitened circumstances, with two daughters to provide for, and he knew also that his mother's fortune should in equity have been divided among the family; but, as he pointed out to his dear old governor, a Carteret mustn't be allowed to starve; so the parson, who loved the handsome lad,

put down his back and sent the prodigal a remittance. He had better have sent him a hempen rope, for necessity might have made a man out of Master Dick; the remittance turned him into a moral idiot.

A Carteret, as you know, cannot do himself justice upon five pounds a month, so Dick was constrained to play the part of Mentor to sundry youthful compatriots, teaching them a short cut to ruin, and sharing the while their purses and affections. But, very unhappily for Dick, the supply of fools suddenly failed, and, lo! Dick's occupation was gone. Finally, in despair, he allied himself to another remittance man, an ex-deacon of the Church of England, and the two drifted slowly out of decent society upon a full tide of Bourbon whisky.

Tidings must have come to the parson of his son's unhappy condition, or possibly he decided that the Misses Carteret were entitled to the remittance. It is certain that one dreadful day Dick's letter contained nothing but a sheet of notepaper.

"I can send you no more cheques" (wrote the parson), "not another penny

will you receive from me. I pray to God that He may see fit to turn your heart, for He alone can do it. I have failed. . . ."

Dick showed this letter to his last and only friend, the ex-deacon, the Rev. Tudor Crisp, known to many publicans and sinners as the "Bishop." The two digested the parson's words in a small cabin situated upon a pitiful patch of ill-cultivated land; land irreclaimably mortgaged to the hilt, which the "Bishop" spoke of as "my place." Dick (he had a sense of humor) always called the cabin the rectory. It contained one unplastered, unpapered room carpetless and curtainless; a bleak and desolate shelter that even a sheep-herder would be loth to describe as home. In the corners were two truckle beds, a stove, and a large demijohn containing some cheap and fiery whisky; in the centre of the floor was a deal table; on the rough redwood walls were shelves displaying many dilapidated pairs of boots and shoes, also some fly-specked sporting prints, and, upon a row of nails, a collection of shabby, discolored garments; ancient "hartogs" manifesting, even in decay, a certain jaunty, dissolute air, at once ludicrous and pathetic. Outside, in front, the "Bishop" had laid out a garden wherein nothing might be found save weeds and empty beer bottles,—dead men denied decent interment. Behind the cabin was the dust-heap, an interesting and historical mound; an epitome, indeed, of the "Bishop's" gastronomical past that emphasized his descent from Olympus to Hades, for on the top was a plebeian deposit of tomato and sardine cans, whereas below, if you stirred the heap, might be found a nobler stratum of terrines, once savory with *foie gras* and Strasbourg *pâté*, of jars still fragrant of fruits embedded in liqueur, of bottles that had contained the soups that a divine loves—oxtail, turtle, mullagatawny and the

like. Upon rectory, glebe and garden was legibly inscribed the grim word—*ICHABOD*.

"He means what he says," growled Dick. "So far as he's concerned, I'm dead."

"You ought to be," said the "Bishop," "but you aren't; what are you going to do?"

This question burned its insidious way to Dick's very vitals. What could he do? Whom could he do? After a significant pause he caught the "Bishop's" eye, and, holding his pipe as it might be a pistol, put it to his head and clicked his tongue.

"Don't," said the "Bishop," feebly.

The two smoked on in silence. The Rev. Tudor Crisp reflected mournfully that one day a maiden aunt might withdraw the pittance that kept his large body and small soul together. This unhappy thought sent him to the demijohn, whence he extracted two stiff drinks.

"No," said Dick, pushing aside the glass. "I want to think, to think. Curse it, there must be a way out of the wood. If I'd capital we could start a saloon. We know the ropes, and could make a living at it, more too, but now we can't even get one drink on credit. Why don't you say something, you stupid fool?"

He spoke savagely. The past reeled before his eyes, all the cheery, happy days of youth. He could see himself at school, in the playing fields, at college, on the river, in London, at the clubs. Other figures were in the picture, but he held the centre of the stage. God in heaven, what a fool he had been!

The minutes glided by, and the "Bishop" refilled his glass, glancing from time to time at Dick. He was somewhat in awe of Carteret, but the whisky warmed him into speech.

"Look here," he said, with a spectral grin, "what's enough for one is enough

for two. We'll get along, old man, on my money, till the times mend."

Dick rose, tall and stalwart; and then he smiled, not unkindly, at the squat, ungainly "Bishop."

"You're a good chap," he said, quietly. "Shake hands, and—good-bye."

"Why, where are you going?"

"Ah! Who knows? If the fairy tales are true, we may meet again later."

Crisp stared at the speaker in horror. He had reason to know that Dick was reckless, but this dare-devil despair appalled him. Yet he had wit enough to attempt no remonstrance, so he gulped down his whisky and waited.

"It's no use craning at a blind fence," continued Dick. "Sooner or later we all come to the jumping-off place. I've come to it to-night. You can give me a decent funeral—the governor will stump up for that—and there will be pickings for you. You can read the service, 'Bishop.' Gad! I'd like to see you in a surplice."

"Please don't," pleaded the Rev. Tudor.

"He'll be good for a hundred sovs," continued Dick. "You can do the thing handsomely for half that."

"For God's sake, shut up."

"Pooh! why shouldn't you have your fee? That hundred would start us nicely in the saloon business, and—"

He was walking up and down the dusty, dirty floor. Now he stopped, and his eyes brightened; but Crisp noted that his hands trembled.

"Give me that whisky," he muttered. "I want it now."

The "Bishop" handed him his glass. Dick drained it and laughed.

"Don't," said the "Bishop," for the third time. Dick laughed again, and slapped him on the shoulder. Then the smile froze on his lips, and he spoke grimly.

"What does the apostle say—hey? We must die to live. A straight tip!

Well—I shall obey the apostolic injunction gladly. I'm going to die to-night. Don't jump like that, you old ass; let me finish. I'm going to die to-night, but you and I are going into the saloon business all the same. Yes, my boy, and we'll tend bar ourselves, and keep our eyes on the till, and have our own bottle of the best, and be perfect gentlemen. Come on, let's drink to my resurrection. Here's to the man who was, and is, and is to be."

"You're a wonder," replied the "Bishop," fervently. "I understand. You mean to be your own undertaker."

"I do, my lord. Now give me the baccy, some ink and paper and an hour's peace."

But the hour passed, and found Dick still composing. The "Bishop" watched his friend with spaniel-like patience. At last the scribe flung down his pen and read aloud, as follows:

The Rectory, San Lorenzo,  
September 1, 189—.

To the Rev. George Carteret.

Dear Sir,—I beg to advise you, with sincere regret on my part, of the sudden demise of your son, Richard Beaumont Carteret, who died at my house just three days ago of heart failure, quite painlessly. You will find enclosed the doctor's certificate, the coroner's report, and the undertaker's bill *paid and receipted*.

I had a very honest friendship for your son, although I deplored a mis-spent youth. But I rejoice to say that poor Dick lived long enough to heartily repent him of his sins, which, after all, were sins against himself. He often talked of home and you, alluding feelingly to the sacrifices you had made on his behalf—sacrifices that he confessed were far greater than his deserts.

I am a poor man, but I felt impelled to give your son the funeral of a gentleman. The bills I have paid, as you will observe, in full, including the purchase in perpetuity of a lot in the cemetery. Should you see fit to refund me these amounts, I shall not re-

fuse the money; if, on the other hand, you repudiate the claim, I shall let the matter drop. I could not permit my friend to be buried as a pauper.

It is possible that you may wish a stone placed at the head of the grave. A suitable cross of plain white marble would cost about two hundred dollars. If you care to entrust me with this sad commission, I will give it my earnest attention.

I refer you to my aunt, Miss Janetta Crisp, of Montpellier Road, Brighton, and also to the Clergy List.

Very truly yours,

Tudor Crisp (The Rev.).

"There," exclaimed Mr. Carteret, "that will do the trick. The bills and other documents we'll forge at our leisure to morrow."

"I don't quite like the use of my name," protested the Rev. Tudor Crisp.

Dick explained that his reverence would be entitled to half the plunder, and that discovery was almost impossible. Still, despite Dick's eloquence, the "Bishop" submitted that such a cruel fraud was "tough" on the old gentleman.

"On the contrary," retorted the other. "He will assume that I died in the odor of sanctity, in the atmosphere of a rectory, in the arms of a parson. He'll worry no more, poor old chap, about my past or my future. This is the turning point of our fortunes. Don't look so glum, man. Here—hit the demijohn again."

But the "Bishop" declined this invitation, and betook himself to his blankets, muttering inarticulate nothings. Dick relighted his pipe and refilled his glass. Then he walked to the mantelshelf, and gazed long and critically at three framed photographs of his father and two sisters. These were almost the only property he possessed. It is significant from an ethical point of view that Dick kept these pictures where he could see them. The "Bishop" had photos also, but they lay snug at

the bottom of an old portmanteau. His reverence was sensible that he was not worthy to keep company with even the pictures of honorable and respectable persons. No such qualms affected Dick. He regarded these photos as credentials. His father had a charming face: one of those human documents whereon are inscribed honor, culture, benevolence and the wisdom that is not of this world. The sisters, too, had comely features; and strangers introduced to the family group always felt more kindly disposed to the prodigal so far from such nice people. Dick had impetrated more than one loan, using these portraits as collateral security. Did his heart soften as he bade them farewell? Who can tell?

## II.

Within six weeks the Rev. Tudor Crisp received a cheque from distant Dorset, and the proceeds were duly invested in a saloon in a town some twenty miles from San Lorenzo. Moreover, the business prospered from the start. The partners, Crisp and Cartwright (Dick deemed it wise to alter his name), kept no assistants, so there was no leakage from the till. They understood that this liquor traffic was a shameful trade, but they pronounced themselves unable to follow any other. Curiously enough, the work proved a tonic to the "Bishop." He allowed himself so many drinks a day, and observed faithfully other rules to his physical and financial betterment. He started a reading room in connection with the bar, for he had had experience in such matters when a curate at home; and the illustrated papers sent regularly by his maiden aunt were in great demand. Indeed, the mere reading about football matches and the like created an unquenchable thirst in cowboys and sheep-herders. Moreover, the "Bishop" enforced order and decorum, being a



muscular Christian, and the boys learned to curb obscene tongues in his presence. Dick marvelled at the change in his partner, but he was shrewd enough to see that it brought grist to the gin-mill.

"Once a parson, always a parson," Dick would say; and the Rev. Tudor would blush and sigh. He never spoke of his clerical days, but once Dick caught himself furtively examining a picture of himself in surplice and cassock. Each week a division of the profits was made. The "Bishop's" share was deposited in the San Lorenzo bank, but where Dick's dollars went it would be indiscreet to tell. He had no stomach for economies and observed no rules. When he apprehended the general drift of things he was content to let the "Bishop" have his way and say in regard to the conduct of the business. His reverence bought the cigars and liquors. Dick could hardly be called a sleeping partner, for he took the night-watch, but the "Bishop" did most of the work and kept the books. Before two years had passed, a capital restaurant was added to the reading-room, where the best of steaks and chops might be had, hot and hot, at all hours and at a reasonable price. Dick never knew it, but the "Bishop" wrote to Miss Janetta Crisp and begged her to send no more cheques. He told his kind auntie very modestly that he had a bank account of his own, and that he hoped one day to thank her in person for all she had done for him.

Towards the close of the third year the "Bishop" told Dick that it would be well for them to leave their saloon, and to purchase a small hotel then offered for sale. Dick told his old friend to go ahead. His reverence supplied Dick's share of the purchase-money, and the saloon knew them no more. But the hotel, under the "Bishop's" management, proved a tiny gold mine.

All this time, however, the memory of that dirty trick he had helped to play upon an honest gentleman festered in his memory. He feared that Nemesis would overtake him, and time justified these fears; for in the spring of 1898 came a second letter to the Rev. Tudor Crisp, of The Rectory, San Lorenzo, a letter that the poor "Bishop" read with quickening pulses, and then showed to Dick.

My very dear Sir (it began), a curious change in my fortunes enables me to carry out a long-cherished plan. I purpose, D.V., to pay a pilgrimage to my poor son's grave, and shall start for California immediately. Perhaps you will be good enough to let me spend a couple of days at the rectory. It will be a mournful pleasure to me to meet one who was kind to my dear lad.

I will write to you again from San Francisco.

Very gratefully yours,  
George Carteret.

If the hotel, uninsured, had suddenly burst into flames, the "Bishop" would have manifested far less consternation. He raved incoherently for nearly ten minutes, while Dick sat silent and nervous beneath a storm of remorse.

"I'll meet your father in San Francisco," said the unhappy Crisp, "and make a clean breast of it."

"That spells ruin," said Dick, coldly. "The governor is a dear old gentleman, but he has the Carteret temper. He would make this place too hot for you and too hot for me. I've a voice in this matter, and for once," he added, with unnecessary sarcasm, "I propose to be heard."

"What do you mean to do?"

"If necessary I'll resurrect myself. I'll play the hand alone. You've no more tact than a hippopotamus. And I'll meet the governor. Don't stare. Do you think he'll know me? Not much! I left Dorset a smooth-faced

boy; to-day I'm bearded like the pard. My voice, my figure, the color of my hair, my complexion are quite unrecognizable. It may be necessary to show the governor my grave, but I shan't bring him down here. Now I must commit murder as well as suicide."

"What?"

"I must kill you, you duffer! Do you think my father would return to England without thanking the man who was kind to his dear lad? And you would give the whole snap away. Yes; I'll call upon him as Cartwright, the administrator of the late Tudor Crisp's estate. If it were not for that confounded grave and marble cross, I could fix him in ten minutes. Don't frown. I tell you, 'Bishop,' you're not half the fellow you were."

"Perhaps not," replied his reverence, humbly.

But when Dick was alone he muttered to himself:

"Now, what the deuce did the governor mean by a curious change in his fortunes?"

### III.

The Rev. George Carteret was sitting at ease in his comfortable rooms at the Acropolis Hotel. The luxury of them was new to him, yet not displeasing after many years of rigorous self-denial and poverty. It seemed strange, however, that in the evening of life riches should have come to him—riches from a distant kinsman who, living, had hardly noticed the obscure scholar and parson. Five thousand pounds a year was fabulous wealth to a man whose income heretofore had numbered as many hundreds. And—alas! his son was dead. Not that the parson loved his daughters the less because they were girls, but as the cadet of an ancient family, he had a tory squire's prejudice in favor of a salique law. With the thousands went a charming

grange in the north country and many fat acres which should of right be transmitted to a male Carteret. If—futile thought—Dick had only been spared!

Thus reflecting, the bell-boy brought him a card. The parson placed his glasses upon a fine aquiline nose.

"Ahem! Mr.—er—Cartwright. The name is not familiar to me, but I'll see the gentleman."

And so, after many years, father and son met as strangers. Dick fluently explained the nature of his errand. Mr. Carteret's letter had been given to him as the administrator of the late Mr. Tudor Crisp's estate. He happened to be in San Francisco, and, seeing Mr. Carteret's name in the morning paper, had ventured to call.

"And you, sir," said the father, softly, "did you know my son?"

Dick admitted that he had known himself—slightly.

"A friend, perhaps? You are an Englishman."

Dick pulled his moustache.

"Ah!" sighed the father, "I understand. My poor lad was not one, I fear, whom any one would hasten to call a friend. But, if I am not trespassing too much upon your time and kindness, tell me what you can of him. What good, I mean."

Dick kept on pulling his moustache.

"Was there no good?" said the father, very sorrowfully. "His friend, Mr. Crisp, wrote kindly of him. He said Dick had no enemies but himself."

Dick was sensible that his task was proving harder than he had expected. He could not twist his tongue to lie about himself. Men are strangely inconsistent. Dick had prepared other lies, a sackful of them; and he knew that a few extra ones would make no difference to him, and be as balm to the questioning spirit opposite; yet he dared not speak good of the man whom he counted rotten to the core. The

parson sighed and pressed the matter no further. He desired, he said, to see Dick's grave. Then he hoped to return to England.

Now, Dick had made his plans. In a new country where five years bring amazing changes, it is easy to play pranks even in churchyards. In the San Lorenzo cemetery were many nameless graves, and the sexton chanced to be an illiterate foreigner who could neither read nor write. So Dick identified a forlorn mound as his last resting-place, and told the sexton that a marble cross would be erected there under his (Dick's) direction. Then he tipped the man, and bought a monument, taking care to choose one sufficiently time-stained. There are scores of such in every marble-worker's yard. Upon it were cut Dick's initials, a date and an appropriate text. Within three days of the receipt of Mr. Carteret's letter, the cross was standing in the cemetery. None knew or cared whence it came. Moreover, Dick had passed unrecognized through the town where he had once ruffled it so gaily as Lord Carteret. He had changed greatly indeed, as he said, and, for obvious reasons, he had never visited the mission town since his bogus death and burial.

Thus it came to pass that Dick and his father travelled together to San Lorenzo, and together stood beside the cross in the cemetery. Presently Dick walked away; and then the old man knelt down, bareheaded, and prayed fervently for many minutes. Later, the father pointed a trembling finger at the initials.

"Why," he demanded, querulously, "did they not give the lad his full name?"

And to this natural question Dick had nothing to say.

"It seems," murmured the old man, mournfully, "that Mr. Crisp, with all his kindness, felt that the name should

perish also. Well, amen, amen. Will you give me your arm, sir?"

So, arm-in-arm, they passed from the pretty garden of sleep. Dick was really moved, and the impulse stirred within him to make full confession there and then. But he strangled it, and his jaw grew set and hard. As yet he was in ignorance of the change in his father's fortunes. Mr. Carteret assumed none of the outward signs of prosperity. He wore the clothes of a poor parson, and his talk flowed along the old channels, a limpid stream not without sparkle, but babbling of no Pactolian sands. And then, quite suddenly and simply, he said that he had fallen heir to a large estate, and that he wished to set aside so much money as a memorial of his son, to be expended as the experience of the bishop of the diocese might direct.

"You—you are a rich man?" faltered Dick.

"My son, sir, had he lived, would have been heir to five thousand a year."

Dick gasped, and a lump in his throat stifled speech for a season. Presently he asked politely the nature of Mr. Carteret's immediate plans, and learned that he was leaving San Lorenzo for Santa Barbara on the morrow. Dick had determined not to let his father stray from his sight till he had seen him safe out of the country, but he told himself that he must confer with the "Bishop" at once. The "Bishop" must act as go-between; the "Bishop," by Jove! should let the cat out of the bag; the "Bishop" would gladly color the facts and obscure the falsehoods. So he bade his father good-bye, and the old gentleman thanked him courteously and wished him well. To speak truth, Mr. Carteret was not particularly impressed with Mr. Cartwright, nor sorry to take leave of him. Dick soon secured a buggy and drove off. En route he whistled gaily, and at inter-

vals burst into song. He really felt absurdly gay.

The "Bishop," however, pulled a long face when he understood what was demanded of him.

"It's too late," said he.

"Do you funk it?" asked Dick, angrily.

"I do," replied his reverence.

"Well, he must be told the facts before he goes south."

Dick little knew, as he spoke so authoritatively, that his father was already in possession of these facts. Within an hour of Dick's departure, Mr. Carteret was walking through the old mission church chatting with one of the *padres*. From his *cicerone* he learned that at San Clemente, not twenty miles away, was another mission of greater historical interest, and in finer preservation than any north of Santa Barbara. The *padre* added that there was an excellent hotel at San Clemente, kept by two Englishmen, Cartwright and Crisp. Of course the name Crisp tickled the parson's curiosity, and he asked if this Crisp were any relation to the late Tudor Crisp, who had once lived in or near San Lorenzo. The *padre* said promptly that these Crisps were one and the same, and was not to be budged from that assertion by the most violent exclamations on the part of the stranger. A synopsis of the Rev. Tudor's history followed, and then the inevitable question: "Who is Cartwright?" Fate ordained that this question was answered by one of the few men living who knew that Cartwright was Carteret; and so, at last, the unhappy father realized how diabolically he had been hoaxed. Of his suffering it becomes us not to speak, of his just anger something remains to be said.

He drove up to the San Clemente Hotel as the sun was setting, and both Dick and the "Bishop" came forward to welcome him, but fell back panic-stricken

at sight of his pale face and fiery eyes. Dick slipped aside; the "Bishop" stood still, rooted in despair.

"Is your name Crisp?"

"Yes," faltered the "Bishop."

"The Rev. Tudor Crisp?"

"I—er—once held deacon's orders."

"Can I see you alone?"

The "Bishop" led the way to his own sanctum, a snug retreat, handy to the bar, and whence an eye could be kept on the bartender. The "Bishop" was a large man, but he halted feebly in front of the other, who, dilated in his wrath, strode along like an avenging archangel, carrying his cane as it might be a flaming sword.

"Now, sir," said Dick's father, as soon as they were alone, "what have you to say to me?"

The "Bishop" told the story from beginning to end, not quite truthfully.

"You dare to tell me that you hatched this damnable plot?"

The "Bishop" lied: "Yes—I did."

"And with the money obtained under false pretences you bought a saloon, you, a deacon of the Church of England."

The "Bishop" lied: "Yes—I did."

"The devil takes care of his own," said the parson, looking round and marking the comfort of the room.

"Not always," said the "Bishop," thinking of Dick.

"Well, sir," continued the parson, "I'm told that money can work miracles in this country. And, by God! if my money can send you to gaol, you shall go there, as sure as my name is George Carteret."

"All right," said the "Bishop." "I—er—I don't blame you. I think you're behaving with great moderation."

"Moderation! Confound it! sir, are you laughing at me?"

"The Lord forbid!" ejaculated Crisp.

"Men have been shot for less than this."

"There's a pistol in that drawer," said the "Bishop" wearily. "You can shoot if you want to. Your money can put me into gaol, as you say, and keep you out of it, if—if you use that pistol."

Mr. Carteret stared. The "Bishop" was beginning to puzzle him. He stared still harder, and the "Bishop" blushed; an awkward habit that he had never rid himself of. Now a country parson, who is also a magistrate, becomes in time a shrewd judge of men.

"Will you kindly send for my—for your partner?" he said, suddenly. "Please sit or stand where you are. I think you'll admit that I have a right to conduct this inquiry in my own way."

Accordingly, Dick was sent for, and soon he took his stand beside the "Bishop," facing the flaming blue eyes of his father. Then Mr. Carteret asked him point blank the questions he had put to the other, and received the *same* answers, the "Bishop" entering an inarticulate demurrer.

"It appears," said Mr. Carteret, "that there are two ways of telling this story. One of you, possibly, has told the truth; the other has unquestionably lied. I confess," he added, drily, "that my sympathies are with the liar. He is the honestest man."

"Yes," said Dick. "I am about as big a blackguard as you'll find anywhere, but I'm your son all the same. Father—forgive me."

One must confess that Dick played his last trump in a masterly fashion. He knew that whining wouldn't avail him, or any pulling hypocrisy. So he told the truth.

"Is that what you want?" said the father, sarcastically. "Only that: my forgiveness and my blessing?"

Dick's bold eyes fell beneath the thrust.

"The man who drove me here," continued the father, "told me a curious

story. It seems that Mr. Crisp here has tolled and moiled for many years keeping you in comparative luxury and idleness. Not a word, sir. It's an open secret. For some occult reason he likes to pay this price for your company. Having supported you so long, I presume he is prepared to support you to the end?"

"He's my friend," said the "Bishop," stoutly.

"My son," said the old man, solemnly, "died six years ago, and he can never, never," the second word rang grimly out, "be raised from the dead. That man there," his voice faltered for the first time, "is another son whom I do not know—whom I do not want to know—let him ask himself if he is fit to return with me to England, to live with those gentlewomen his sisters, to inherit the duties and responsibilities that even such wealth as mine brings in its train. He knows that he is not fit. Is he fit to take my hand?"

He stretched forth his lean, white hand, the hand that had signed so many cheques. Dick did not try to touch it. The "Bishop" wiped his eyes. The poor fellow looked the picture of misery.

"If there be the possibility of atonement for such as he," continued the speaker—"and God forbid that I should dare to say there is *not*—let that atonement be made here where he has sinned. It seems that the stoppage of his allowance tempted him to commit suicide. I did not know my son was a coward. Now, to close forever that shameful avenue down which he might slink from the battle, I pledge myself to pay again that five pounds a month during my life, and to secure the same to Richard *Carterright* after my death, so long as he shall live. That, I think, is all."

He passed with dignity out of the room and into the street, where the buggy awaited him. Dick remained

standing, but the "Bishop" followed the father, noting how, as soon as he had crossed the threshold, his back became bowed and his steps faltered. He touched the old man lightly on the shoulder.

"May I take your hand?" he asked. "I am not fit, no fitter than Dick, but—"

Mr. Carteret held out his hand, and the "Bishop" pressed it gently.

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

"I believe," said Mr. Carteret, after a pause, "that you, sir, may live to be an honest man."

"I'll look after Dick," blubbered the "Bishop," sorely affected. "Dick will pan out all right—in the end."

But Dick's father shuddered.

"It's very chilly," he said, with a nervous cough. "Good-night, Mr. Crisp. Good night, and God bless you."

*Horace Annesley Vachell.*

## GROWING BUREAUCRACY AND PARLIAMENTARY DECLINE.

For many years there has been an unintermittent controversy as to the suffrage for women. One branch of the subject, as it seems to me, has been adequately, perhaps more than adequately, discussed—the advantages of many kinds which the vote would bring to women, and the evidence its use would afford of their intellectual equality with men. The discussion has shown how women, like all other groups of our day in every rank and degree, have been affected by the bewildering growth of modern individualism. We seem still, do what we may, to be our own centre and circumference; full of self-analysis, very sensitive as to our wrongs and virtues, our disabilities and desires. Not that we women are alone in this development; we are but taking a giant's share in a universal change, so insidious and so comprehensive that we are scarcely able to perceive it in ourselves or others, or believe that we were ever different from what we now are. It needs a journey into another century or another climate to make us realize the full extent of the modern individualism.

The discussion, however, of our wrongs and our capabilities is so well

worn, the arguments now grown by constant use so trite, that it is difficult to waken fresh thought in this direction. There is the argument of Justice—that Shadow which all mankind is pursuing, which none has ever reached, from the Substance of which we should still be very far away, even when the vote had been thrown into our lap. There is the argument of Respect—that more honor will come our way when the decoration of the ballot paper is hung round our necks, and that the magic of an outward and visible sign will work the miracle of bringing to us a credit and esteem which we are, at least so women seem to confess, unable to win without it. I have always doubted whether this external magic would make much difference, and whether women would not as before take rank in their various circles simply by merit and capacity. Indeed, I feel sure that the credit of a whole class will generally be found to depend on the credit of its representative leaders, of what I may call its aristocracy of brain or character; and that a woman who had won a place as a really distinguished authority in any of the higher questions with which politics are concerned, would have conferred



more public esteem on the whole body than the vote will ever do. Let me give a single instance of what I mean. There has been nothing in my memory, till this war, that roused women to the same degree as the question of Home Rule—women I knew, who had never troubled about any public question before, flung themselves with a paroxysm of zeal into one camp or the other, made Primrose Lodges and Liberal Leagues, and discovered the joys of public life. There has been, so far as I know, not one serious thinker or writer among them all on the subject of Land, Emigration, Taxation, or a Catholic University. They have contributed nothing to the controversy except heat. When it ceased to be a matter of public talk, they let it alone with careless cynicism. Their business has been merely to register existing public sentiment on one side or the other; nor was one found to stand aside from party, to carry into this great political problem independent research and observation, to ignore the prejudices and add to the science of government in this kingdom. The magazines are open to them, the press and the platform; all the most powerful means of guiding public opinion; the most powerful, too, of winning respect for the whole class. I can imagine an enemy saying—Is it any use to add the vote, except, indeed, as the public function which can be discharged with the greatest ease, the least intelligence and, perhaps, the most inconsiderable results? Does the credit and reputation of women lie here?

There is another argument I might call the argument of Respectability—a morbid anxiety for uniformity, sprung, I imagine, from a sort of overgrown modesty and self-distrust in women. It is possible, indeed I think certain, that what is most needed in us for the service of the State is divergence, not similarity. But many of us, passing by

all questions of where it is we really want to go, only feel safe if we can get into the common vulgar track, beaten plain by the whole crowd of ordinary people. The broad road with the wide gate, "and many there be that go in thereat," they judge the most honorable and reputable way to be seen in. By a generosity I cannot share, and a fear which I cannot yield to, they assume that the big crowd is necessarily in the right, however their course may be tending, and that if women take another, and at first more solitary path, it must needs be a sign they are "Helots." I would wish them a loftier pride, a graver self-respect, a firmer spirit and more intellectual originality.

All these considerations of justice and respect and respectability, however, seem to me, after a certain time, unsatisfactory subjects for prolonged discussion. Such considerations are what I may call "impressionist;" they are out of the range of reasoning or demonstration, seen by each person through his own emotional atmosphere, a matter of taste and fancy, round which all the talk and discussion in the world may fret and fume quite innocuously, making no more impression than a thunderstorm on a glass ball.

Plain and common as it may seem, might we not sometimes turn to reflections of a definite kind: to prosaic matters of fact which can be more usefully subjected to the vigor and heat that healthy-minded people carry into controversial wars?

I presume we are all agreed that our first object, clear and unadulterated, is not to obtain a ticket of honor for ourselves, but to discover our true and reasonable service to the State. For that we must have an exact idea of what the State at any given time most needs. Let us, therefore, appreciate at its true value the vote we wish to acquire. Briefly, my argument against

seeking the suffrage is that political power is shifting its basis, that we are in the midst of a transition of which we cannot plainly see the issue, and in a situation at once so obscure and so critical that it is as unprofitable as it is unwise to put further pressure on a Constitution already greatly strained, failing, as Lord Salisbury repeatedly tells us, to do its work. In form, the political system remains as it was; in essence it is becoming very different. Its value has declined; its credit is impaired; and circumstances of a new and unforeseen order have broken its strength and dimmed its glory.

Is it possible, then, that women are flocking in when the fair is over, and wasting worry and substance in buying no more than a poor remainder of the day's business? There is the more ground for circumspection after the experience of the last generation, when, for the Education question, there was the same activity the day after the fair. This country was then, in intellectual matters, at a dividing of the ways. Old systems of education were being discredited. England was proverbially behind other peoples. There were great difficulties in the way of men reformers, tied up by traditions and endowments. But women were absolutely free. They might, supported as they were by the most intelligent men in England, have made experiments in a new path, with the experience of all Europe to assist them. It would have meant more intellectual labor, and, for a time, less credit and renown. They chose rather to throw themselves on the dull, old beaten track, for the sake of proving they could walk in it as well as the men. I do not deny that they have won credit in the conventional path they preferred, but a noble opportunity was lost of developing the highest form of intellectual life, of rendering original and conspicuous service to the State, and laying the

people of this country under deep obligations to women. We see the result of the whole business now when the question arises as to the form of a University in London, to be the centre of the high intellectual life of this mighty Empire, the expression of its loftiest intelligence. What influence have women had on the higher policy of this, the gravest and noblest of all problems? what counsels have they been able to offer? what has been their ideal? what have they wished the university to be? has there been anybody of opinion among women to be considered—except, indeed, on the point that if any privileges can be got out of the new scheme, women must share in them? Such a situation is almost inconceivable. Its significance cannot be exaggerated.

This sorrowful and humiliating experience is enough to show the grave disadvantages of jumping on the wheel of life, not on its ascending side, but as it takes the downward turn. I ask myself what reason we have to fear that women may snatch the vote at a moment unfortunate for themselves, and of complete indifference to the country?

For amid the great changes to which all institutions are subject, never was there such a transformation scene as we may now see passing under our own eyes in the uses of Parliament and the value of the suffrage. Forty years ago Disraeli showed the Commons their loosening hold on Government: "So you extend the franchise again, and you may go to manhood or universal suffrage, but you will not advance your case. You will have a Parliament then that will entirely lose its command over the Executive, and it will meet with less consideration and possess less influence." He foresaw a House emptied of authority, lying open to a "horde of obscure and selfish me-

diocrities, incapable of anything but mischief."

Consider for a moment the conditions under which the voting system made its great reputation in England. We had a country of very limited extent, perfectly homogeneous in character, no great diversity of occupations, an insular people who, in eight hundred years of uninterrupted family life, had got to settle down comfortably together. There were no railways, no public meetings, no daily press to speak of; public opinion was declared by the directions constituents gave to their members. The delegates of the people had nothing to manage but home affairs—it was a government of the English counties. An independent company ruled India; colonies of English settlers were left pretty much to follow their own way after the disastrous experiment of governing America. Ireland was the one dependency which Parliament undertook to rule, and its incompetence to deal with outside affairs was proved in a tragedy of error and ruin unparalleled in the whole history of civilized peoples. I repeat, the Parliamentary government of England, so far as it was successful, was a government of the English counties.

A system so successful in England was copied over half the world, and with this century began a new career under strange and unforeseen conditions. We have all heard of the unexpected problems raised in America by the mere effect of vast extents of territory and huge masses of people, and that continent has taught us to what noisy helplessness voters in over-large constituencies may be brought. In European countries the representative system is confronted with another difficulty—where opposed races fight their interminable duels, and by solid and immovable conviction steadily vote against one another, with lamentable waste of power and no appreciable re-

sult. The suffrage, as we in these islands have already demonstrated, is not a system by which it is possible to solve complicated racial problems.

Neither of these problems, we may say, seriously touches England. Our island is no bigger, and our races no more mixed than before. But remember that our race difficulties have not diminished. Observe also that our constituencies are growing vastly bigger; while every increase in size diminishes the value of discussion, and tends, in the experience of all practical men, to bring both arguments and conclusions down to the level of the lowest intellectual group in each assembly.

However, if we can still feel perfect confidence on these two grounds, in which we share the difficulties of other nations, consider the yet more formidable problem of our own which has arisen in the course of this generation. When the Queen came to the throne we had an empire of seven millions of square miles and over 250 millions of people. We have now an empire of twelve millions or so of miles and 400 millions of people. Our colonies were once English. The vast majority of the new subject races we have now annexed are of alien blood. We were once an insular Power; we have now created a huge land frontier touching the dominions of every European State. It is evident that the government which served the English counties is not a fit government for a British Empire of this sort. So clear is the fact that it is fast transforming the whole position of Parliament and the uses of representation. Parliament overburdened, consciously ignorant, wholly unfitted for imperial government, is quietly handing over its responsibilities to the various bureaux and the two front benches, and scarcely covers its gradual extinction of responsibility by a few swelling phrases. Every ten years sees something more withdrawn from its control.

India is taken from it. Foreign affairs are taken from it. West Africa was withdrawn from it last year. South Africa, if we may trust some very significant statements, is fast being withdrawn. All the English colonies have been withdrawn in the course of this reign. Not only so, but observe that both Houses of Parliament have abandoned legislation. The last attempt to carry any serious reform by Act of Parliament was the Education Act of 1892, and the experience will probably never be repeated; since then a few tentative, cautious Bills, very short, very obscure, for fear of adding a word where every word is disputed, are all that a government, whatever be its majority, can venture on; while private Bills are altogether ended. The yearly books which embody the laws of Parliament have shrunk from substantial volumes to unconsidered pamphlets; and the bureaux, who know their business, administer as best they can by ingenuity and dexterous management, above all things avoiding the need of fresh legislation. The government of England, in fact, is being transformed from a parliamentary to a bureaucratic government. No wonder that parties are disorganized, traditions overthrown, and men bewildered under the influence of this tremendous change. The Mother of Parliaments in her old age is very seriously disturbed. The indifference of the country to her proceedings is complete; and for some years no one has cared what she said so long as she was obedient to the bureaux.

One useful function the Houses of Parliament will still perform, as Assemblies for asking questions. A great constitutional lawyer, Mr. Butt, warned the House of Commons a quarter of a century ago of what was coming. Parliament, he said, was abandoning all its other functions, but still remained the Grand Inquest of the na-

tion; and Disraeli at once seized on this statement as the expression of the real truth. Remember, however, that to help in this very great work of turning public opinion on the obscure and gloomy offices of the bureaux, it is not necessary to have a vote. All that is necessary is to have knowledge, convictions and intelligence.

It is during this astounding decline in the position of Parliament that the agitation of women to have a vote for its members has reached its greatest height. You will say, perhaps, that women will, by their zeal, restore Parliament to its original authority and distinction. To do that you will have to roll back the tide of history; you must cut off the Empire and brave that terrifying nickname of "Little Englanders;" you must diminish the population by many millions; you must get back to a more sober England than we now know; cut off the sources of a wealth more excessive than the world has ever seen before; reduce the enormous leisured class, and bring it again under the discipline of work, even of poverty; check the extravagant individualism of the time and its hysterical emotions—in a word, women, who of all classes are the very embodiment of the *Zeitgeist*, have got to put the *Zeitgeist* down and trample it under their feet. It is a miracle I do not expect.

You will argue, however, that social and labor questions remain to Parliament, and that in these you can take your part and teach the Commons to benefit England if they cannot rule the Empire.

We may leave aside for the moment the vexed question of the effect of legislation on labor as distinguished from the natural growth of wealth, the work of trade unions and public opinion; above all, the rise of good leaders—for the slaves of Bristol traders were not freed, nor prisoners cared for, nor factory children protected because

they had votes, but because there were great men in England. But, setting aside all controversial matter, it is plain that the labor problems of the future will be little affected by home legislation of the old kind. Here, too, we find a tide setting in that not even all the zeal of women can turn back. New competition has started, and the future trade of this country will depend on the movements of foreign countries; on the appearance of America as a world power, no longer satisfied with her home market; on the extraordinary advance of Germany; on the flooding of Europe, through Russian railways, with the products of labor from the thrifty and industrious peoples of the far East. Labor questions of such dimensions will be no more subject to the House of Commons than the cataclysms of Nature; the critical business of negotiation will be withdrawn from Parliament by the Foreign Office, while practical administration must be given over, as a Factory Bill now before the country very clearly shows, to the several home offices and to local bodies, leaving to the House of Commons little more than the function of asking questions.

Now, in this novel situation, there is danger lest an industrious and fanatical attention to detail, to the mere machinery of politics, may wreck women as it has wrecked the Liberal party. Women, too, might suffer the same grievous entanglement as has befallen the House of Commons—a House from which great affairs have been withdrawn, and which has learned the habit it never dared to affect in its really powerful days, of playing with words and not regarding things. A word can make a great show in academic debate. When people are merely talking, *jury* is a good word, even if it means a packed jury; *habeas corpus* a good word, even if wrapped round with a Coercion Act; *representation* a

good word, even when it means territories jerrymandered, inconvenient voters suppressed and irresponsible governments; the *vote* a good word, even if all power is withdrawn from the voter. But in times of serious living it is not the word, but the thing, the fact, that matters. Let us women have done with shibboleths and get hold of truth. Never was there a time in which England so much needed plain, honest people, taking no pleasure in empty watchwords and conventional phrases, but ready to make an instructed and brave use of intelligence; people not caught up in the machine, or tied up in parties, but free in judgment and in reason.

In so difficult a crisis it is impossible to speak with dogmatic certainty. But if our desire is to do honorable service to the State, not to get a tribute of recognition for ourselves, I think we had better keep away from the ballot boxes. If we cannot get *prestige* elsewhere, believe me we shall never get it there. If we want to do useful, practical work under the new conditions of English life, we must go to the local bodies of all kinds. If we have ambition to do the highest work of all, we must realize that the chief need of this country at present is not voters, but a public opinion more instructed, more sensitive and more free, intelligent enough to keep watch on the as yet crude methods of the bureaux. We have come to a point in which the creating of scientific opinion is far more important than adding to the number of ordinary voters. Men and women are wanted who will resist the modern tendency to hysterical emotionalism in public matters; who will give their leisure to developing new forces of knowledge, reason and judgment; and who, by scientific study and a just understanding of the conditions of the Empire in which they boast to have their pride, will show themselves ca-

pable of great affairs, help to remedy the chief errors of their country, and abate all sufferings of its subject peoples. If we neglect such work as lies

*The Nineteenth Century.*

ready to our hand, how can we certainly know that the Vote will turn our Hearts and inflame our Intelligence?

*Alice Stopford Green.*

### THE REAL ANARCHIST.

The attack made in Brussels upon the Prince of Wales might have been a tragedy; it was a solemn farce, and the foolish Sipido's preposterous adventure is only memorable because it reminds us that Anarchy is still a genuine danger to the State. Happily the Anarchist is a fumbler, more inclined to suicide than to murder, and so long as he played with explosives it would have been sound to advocate a policy of "one Anarchist one Bomb." But the monstrous society, which preaches death, has of late discountenanced the indiscriminate use of infernal machines, and the murder of President Carnot six years since proved that the knife is more deadly than dynamite. Yet, while the implements change, the assassin remains at once wicked and futile. As he works underground, it is difficult to foresee his villainy, while it is impolitic to flatter his love of advertisement by a premature prosecution. All that Governments can do is to see that the Anarchist, when he is caught, has the briefest trial and the severest sentence that can be devised. For, after blood, he best loves publicity, and since his attacks can only be met by knowledge, it is worth while to attempt an analysis of his character.

The Anarchist, then, is a ruffian of feeble brain and weak inclination, who is pursued by a spirit of restless discontent. Sorry for himself, he believes, by an easy transition, that he is sorry for his fellows; and it is this sham sympathy, rooted in selfishness, which

generally wins for him the credit of amiability. When Caserio was charged with a useless murder, a dozen witnesses readily swore to the kindness of his heart, and we are not surprised that Sipido, too, is reputed a miracle of good nature. So the discontent which he fondly construes into a general love of the human race, drives the Anarchist to attempt reform, and for him reform means death. Indeed, so narrow is his brain, that he can conceive no other remedy for a trifling ill than murder; he would wipe out a spot of dust with blood, and his one war-cry is Kill, kill, kill! In other words, his diseased intelligence forbids him to understand the link which binds cause and effect. He recognizes his poverty, and believes that a change of system will ameliorate it; but he can imagine no method of changing a system which appears irksome, save the death of an innocent man. That is to say, he does not understand the rules of Society's game; he is like a man who would be taken for a gentleman, and yet cheats at cards. So he rushes into the street, armed with dynamite or dagger, and finds heroism in a lupine brutality.

Hence it follows that he is of a sanguine disposition. He is of those who hope always that the wickedness of to-day will be overlooked by the mercy of the morrow, and, in truth, nothing need appear hopeless to the brain which detects in an unreasoned crime a cure for poverty. As he is, so is his aspect. His san-



guine temper is reflected in the flat-gazing eye of spurious prophecy, from which his low forehead recedes. A lack of control is patent not only in his open mouth, but in the weak chin which falls away suddenly from his lower lip. More often than not a feeble body and unkempt, fluffy hair make further advertisement of the idle restlessness which his admirers mistake for activity. But it is part of the Anarchist's ironical character that he is never active, or, at any rate, he is never effectual. He is eloquent enough concerning physical force, and though, from a too placid obedience or from a pitiful lack of control, he now and again throws a bomb or drives home a poniard, his temperament belies his ambition. The really active man translates his wish into deed; while Anarchy is a kind of moral ataxia. The Anarchist's mind appears to desire something, but his muscles jerk in an opposite direction to his resolution; his hand is recalcitrant to his volition; and when he would pretend to serve mankind, he is impelled to make a dastardly assault upon a woman.

But, says his apologist, at any rate, the Anarchist is a man of courage; at any rate, he risks his skin for an idea. Nothing could be further from the truth; he is not brave, this irresolute apostle of slaughter; he is the victim, not of ideas, but of words. Impelled to his ineffectual act by a phrase, he deems no risk excessive, if only he be given a chance to work off a few tags before his judges. His quick, restless mind omits one step in the argument. He sees the crowded court; he is blind to the gallows. He imagines himself for a moment the centre of attraction, he seems to hear the echo of his hollow voice, as he proclaims the foolish sentences which he has learned by rote. And his stupendous vanity blinds him to the last consequence, the early morning and the ghostly counsel,

the chill walk from the prison to the guillotine, the oblique blade and the fateful basket. These horrors do not appal him, because his self-satisfaction carries him no farther than the speech which he fondly believes will impress the jury. For, indeed, if there were no vanity in the world there would be no Anarchists, since vanity is the essence of that stupidest of crimes, which is called political. None but a vain fool would attempt single-handed what he grandiloquently describes as the "regeneration of man;" none but a vain fool would choose for this attempt the ridiculous method of inconsequent assassination; none but a vain fool would overlook all the consequences of his deed save the chance of an ill-delivered speech in a hostile courthouse. And, in all the history of Anarchy you will not find one practitioner who did not unite in himself the three qualities of vanity, hope and cowardice.

The Anarchist, moreover, is commonly half-educated. Rotten before he is ripe, he has extracted from cheap philosophy all that is mischievous. Reeking with murder, he will quote Herbert Spencer, as the devil quoted Scripture, to his purpose. Well do we remember the dying speech of Henry, the very type and exemplar of the modern Anarch. This miscreant, having thrown a bomb into a crowded café, and having already caused the death of several innocent men, opened his mouth to prove in the pride of eloquence how intimate an acquaintance he possessed with the works of our modern philosophers. Yet it was plain that he knew them only in selections, and that he understood not their drift. Assuredly he who finds in Darwin and Spencer the sanction of murder, would have been more usefully employed in the breaking of stones than in the flitching of proverbs whose meaning he could not even dimly understand. But the Anarchist is superficial even to the

guillotine, and he believes that if an axiom sounds in his ear, he has plumbed the depths of science.

Such is the type to which the most of "political" murderers conform. Such was the foolish, amiable Vaillant, who thought that an infernal machine thrown into the Chamber of Deputies might call attention to himself and his fortunes. In this he succeeded, and if there were room for cynicism in the adventure, we might smile at the irony which chose the place and the method. At any rate, the Deputies experienced a new terror, even though the machine was wreathed in flowers. Such, too, was the miserable Henry, who comes nearest to our ideal of shiftless, irresponsible half-knowledge. Such, too, was the poor Caserio, who was elevated by his compatriots into a hero of the Sunday-school. But all those who have called themselves Anarchists have not made good their claim to this title of disgrace. The famous Thirty, who stood in the dock at Paris to answer for the sin of Caserio, were a mixed mob of marauders, with scarce an Anarchist among them, and Orthez, the single one that won a heavy sentence, was merely a cracksman with a taste for politics. Ravachol, again, the miscreant who so bitterly intimidated the juries of Paris that his conviction seemed impossible, used Anarchy as a cloak for murder and rapine. He at least suffered from no moral ataxia; being a man of action, he knew precisely what blackguardism he wished to commit, and if we cannot applaud the jury's cowardice which condemned him for a common crime, he would have been thrice a murderer had the doctrine of the Social Revolt never been formulated.

Nor are these the only exceptions to a clearly defined type. There is another sort of Anarchist, who works stealthily, not for a revolution, but for the gratification of his own Sadie tem-

per. Not many years ago there was a mysterious stranger, one Sternberg, who supported the Anarchs of France for the mere lust of slaughter and suffering. Wherever workmen were in revolt there were tidings of this man of mystery. It was not his hand that threw the bomb, but it was his brain that devised the crime, his money that bought the materials. For a while he was the best known man in France, yet few eyes had ever beheld him, and few men knew his nationality. He is a Pole, said this one; he is a Russian, said that; and we may cheerfully leave it to the wiseacres of Eastern Europe to settle their claim. But he was indefatigable in his desire of blood. "Kill more, you brutes!" he is reputed to have said, when he thought his creatures were not giving him value for his money. He was working at Antwerp, he was an inspiration at Lille, and then he vanished. Tried for murder, he was twice condemned, and, at last, a rumor came that he was in a Russian prison. Thereafter an enemy espied him at Geneva, and none can say whether he is dead or buried alive. And none need care, for, at the last, he grew careless, and destroyed the mystery which was his only safeguard. Of course it is difficult for the pitcher not to return to the well, but of this we may be sure, that if the ineffable Sternberg still lives, he indulges his lust of blood in other than Anarchist circles.

But these casual ruffians merely put an accent upon the real Anarchist. They have no phrases wherewith to gloss over their infamous crimes; their hand does not move in obedience to another's will; and they never would have been confused with the miscreants we are considering had not fashion and folly once set towards Anarchy. Paris, of course, is the home of *blague*, but surely there was never a more comical folly than that which, some six or seven years ago, invaded the Parisians.

The city was intimidated by the apostles of "physical force;" in every quarter cafés had been attacked, and the people were so nervous that the rumble of an omnibus suggested an explosion. And in the midst of it all, Anarchy became a fashion, or at least an affair of curiosity. The most advanced school of literature dabbled in explosives, and the throwing of a bomb was said to be a *beau geste*. One man of letters there was who suffered arrest for his love of novelty, and took his trial with the others on a capital charge. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the adroitness with which he faced the examining magistrate saved not only his own but many heads. Another man of letters, who also had dabbled in "politics," met his deserts by being blown into the air himself; yet, so strong was the ruling passion, that when, many days after, he regained consciousness, the first words which sprang to his lips were *Vive l'Anarchie!* If life were a comedy and the spilt blood of kings and presidents of no account, we might afford to smile at these elaborate and dangerous jests. But life is not a comedy, and we cannot overlook the truth that the *intellectuels* of Paris, whose desire to be in the movement is notorious, were in part responsible for much useless loss of life and a brief reign of terror.

Nor can France escape with a half-humorous responsibility. It is France also that made Anarchy possible. For Anarchy is the legitimate child of the Revolution, which now appears to us in a true light as the Mother of Evil. If the lesson of murder had not been taught to the imbecile citizens of the Terror, we might never have heard of that assassination which appears to its votaries as the highest virtue. The Revolution it was that first discovered the grandeur of cowardice, that first saw, in the severed head of a girl the symbol of freedom and patriotism. The

country which still insists that the Revolution must be taken *en bloc* as a re-birth of the world, can hardly be surprised if her citizens and her pupils have learned the use of dynamite and the knife. Assassins there were, of course, before the black year, 1789, but they were no better than sporadic imbeciles, and neither Fenton nor Bellingham struck with the weight of a misguided movement behind them. No; the Anarchist is a brief century old, and already it is time that he should crawl away to death, and be no more known.

But if we blame the poor, half-witted creature who strikes the blow, what shall we say of the cowardly miscreant who arms the trembling hand? One thing is certain in the last outrage—the real culprit will escape punishment. The journalists and politicians who have, for the last six months, made Belgium a disgrace to civilization, avoid the charge of murder only by their own furtive cunning. Sipido struck at the Prince of Wales because his weak brain could not understand the lies poured every day into the *Petit Bleu* and other prints, because his unaccustomed ears could not estimate at its proper value the murderous jargon of Socialist orators. But the smug editor goes home and deplores in a paragraph the crime of which he himself is guilty, and the orator makes another attempt to split the roof of a tin tabernacle with his raucous voice. They, at any rate, do not suffer for the wickedness they provoke; yet it is very sure that, were it not for their devilish ingenuity, the world would not be disturbed again by "political" crime.

And what is the future of Anarchy? Blank for the Anarchs, hopeful for us. The international association, which now devises murder in secret, and puts to death its disobedient members, has passed its zenith of brutality. The activity of the police, and the dying zeal of the agitators, have doubled its risk

and halved its ingenuity. It will still hold its middle-class meetings, and discuss the works of Herbert Spencer, but it is not likely to renew its forward policy. The enterprise of Sipido, however, has nought to do with this devilish society. The boy who fired at the Prince of Wales knows nothing of the Red International. Had he known of it he would doubtless have been enrolled a member. But in attempting to shoot a prince he did but obey the lying voice of journalists and orators, and thus he proved once more that it is words, not thoughts, that move the unstable mind of the born Anarchist.

Political Anarchy, then, expresses itself in lawlessness of thought and deed; in the world of letters the Anarchist tramples under foot both reverence and good taste. His favorite thesis is that the past is naught—that a new language and a new style are necessary for distinction. This confession, though he knows it not, is a confession of incompetence, since eccentricity easily attracts notice, and since only the great ones of the earth dare to touch the commonplace. But the literary Anarchist is not among the great ones of the earth, and so he enrolls himself in a new school, and believes that he will come into repute if only he disregard the simple rules of grammar and good sense. When he studies the classics, says he, it is but to avoid their example; and he learns to write, so he boasts, that he may the more effectively outrage the acknowledged laws. For him the battle is won when he has pinned a foolish label on his waistcoat. "The Symbol! The Symbol!" cried a fine specimen the other day, unconscious in his ecstasy that it is no better to rob Maeterlinck than to steal from Shakespeare. Of course he does not know what the Symbol means; indeed, it means nothing, since it is essential to all literature, and not the peculiar heritage of a cenacule. How-

ever, to-day the literary Anarchist finds in "Symbolism" his highest explosive, as yesterday he attempted to break the windows of opinion with "Delliquescence" or the theory of colored emotions. So Mr. George Moore, a sure thermometer of middle-class taste, is now ignorantly aping Ibsen, where once he found Zola or Huysmans apt for his purpose. But one plagiarism is sincere as another, and those who adopt a canting title, abandoned ten years ago in Paris, are merely the law-breakers of literature.

These gentry, however, possess an unconscious humor, which adds a spice of entertainment to their works. There is another class of law-breakers, whose evil-doing is redeemed even by an accident. Now these other Anarchists defy the rules not only of letters but of life. They take upon themselves the burden of irresponsible biography. Heedless of an imperious, unwritten law, they make an attack upon the dead, and with the dynamite of a poisonous curiosity they explode graves and open coffins. Their offence is worse, because it cannot be punished at the Old Bailey. No law restrains the impious from playing havoc with the dead, and the impious, as if to aggravate their offence, are wont to choose victims to whom a public revelation was especially distasteful. The wish of Thackeray that no biography should confound his memory might have been respected without difficulty. Yet, six months since, Mr. Melville made the novelist an excuse for two volumes of ineptitude. Of course such work as a man deliberately gives to the world is the world's possession for all time, and there is no reason why it should escape posthumous criticism. As the centuries roll on, even unauthorized biography may be justified; for, with the extinction of friends and families, indiscretion disappears, and eavesdropping may be elevated into scholarship.

Where ingenuity strives with oblivion, a worthy task of resurrection may be accomplished. To call Shakespeare or Villon to life again is not a pastime for the foolish hack; the archives must be compelled to surrender their secrets, and none but the seeing eye can discover that which is written in parchment. Besides, there is a fine element of sport in wrestling a fall with Time, in compelling the old adversary to yield his treasures. But to write the life of a poet, still intimately remembered on the earth, lies within the power of any man who can hold a pen and quiet his conscience. Yet Edward FitzGerald surely should have imposed silence upon the world. More than Thackeray, more than any writer of his generation, he hated the glitter of public appreciation. He was never a man of letters in the odious sense. He wrote for himself what he chose to write, and he published it furtively, as though he scorned to take the public into his confidence. Many even of his friends did not suspect the authorship of the "Rubáiyát," and while he withheld his name from his own title-pages, he never trafficked with the advertisers and interviewers of London. In his grave, then, he should before all men have been free from intrusion. No man has the right to force upon a dead man the publicity which in his life he eloquently condemned. Yet not even Edward FitzGerald is safe, for here is Mr. John Glyde come to tell us all those irrelevant facts which his victim was resolute to suppress. That he has told us little enough is assuredly not his fault. He has raked wherever he could; and if his rake has merely gathered together a small heap of dead leaves, this scanty result is not due to lack of zeal, but to FitzGerald's determination that he would leave as little as possible for publicity's rake.

To criticize the book is idle and superfluous. That it should be done ill is

nothing; it is monstrous that it should have been done at all. Of course Mr. Glyde approaches the victim of his sacrifice with cap in hand; of course he regards the poet, whose dearest wish he contemns, with a reverential surprise; of course, also, he understands the man as little as he understands his work. He has thrown into his rag-bag a few anecdotes, and he has poured over the verse of FitzGerald a sauce of stupid, irrelevant commentary. Why should we have thrust upon us the opinions of Messrs. Clodd, Asquith and Talbot Williams, when we can read the "Rubáiyát" for ourselves? And why, oh why, should we be told that the friendship between Tennyson and FitzGerald reminds Mr. Glyde of the tie which bound Cicero to his friend Scipio? There is a positive indelicacy in this ignorant, muddle-headed patronage of great men, and Mr. Glyde would have been better employed in discovering for his own edification that Scipio was not the friend of Cicero, than in discovering for ours a man whom he neither knew nor understands. He might also have noted that Tennyson never wrote so vile a phrase as

I know no version done

In English more distinctly well.

However, his flat pages (to the number of some 350) follow one another without accent, and without meaning; yet we would almost forgive him, if, having wasted a morning over Mr. Glyde on Edward FitzGerald, we could listen for three minutes to Edward FitzGerald on Mr. Glyde.

Mr. Glyde's indiscretion will be forgotten in a month, and it is only interesting because it is a symptom of the ruling effrontery. There is no law to check the irresponsible biographer, and we fear that there is no chance of salutary legislation. The question of copyright is now said to engross the attention of Parliament, and



it would be easy to add such a clause as would make the profession of the biographical pirate dangerous, if not impossible. But Parliament is not likely ever to do justice to the poor author, since the poor author cannot turn an election nor hamper a Government. And as politics is (and must be) a species of blackmail, nobody will ever be protected by our Ministers who cannot threaten those Ministers with ruin. Wherefore the Glydes of this earth will flourish exceedingly, unless the good feeling of critics and readers discourage their impertinence.

But by a kind of irony, Edward FitzGerald has lately been flung into the deepest pit of notoriety. Not only has he found an absurd biographer—he has become the victim of an absurd cult. The man who spent his whole life far from coterie, whose best companion was the captain of his lugger, whom not even warm-hearted friendship could drag to town, has been forced to lend his name to a dining-club. This satirical insult cannot be matched in the history of letters, and if anybody ever turned in the grave, then must Edward FitzGerald move restlessly in Boulge Churchyard, when the Chianti of Rupert Street sparkles red in the wine-glass. There is, in fact, a club, called after Omar Khayyám, which meets more often than it need, either for its own glory or for the glory of Edward FitzGerald. Its members, we believe, are respectable men of letters, and there seems no reason why they should not pursue collectively a worship which each affects of his individual will. But although the club was recently described as "a modest coterie, which never advertises," its dinners are always the signal for a public outburst of enthusiasm. We are told how these respectable men of letters sit with vine-leaves or some other vegetable encircling their scanty locks; we have a vision of them pouring the cheap wine

of Italy over the roses of Shiraz; their weak little parodies of the Master's quatrains are passed round an appreciative press, until we are forced to believe that "the modest coterie which never advertises" believes the eye of posterity is upon it. It would all be very droll but for the careless use of FitzGerald's name. A dinner is as good an excuse for advertisement as anything, and logs are easily rolled across a dining-table. But why should Edward FitzGerald be thrust into this orgie of culture? He never belonged to a modest club, he never sat with vine-leaves round his head in the very presence of an industrious press, and the Omar Khayyám Club may not even plead the recklessness of hot youth for its unwarranted usurpation of an honored name.

But there is another charge which may be laid at the door of our modest coterie—the charge of hypocrisy. Inspired by the sentiment of the "Rubáiyát," its worship cannot but be insincere. The honored men of letters, who conspire to do honor to the famous translator, are surely not moved even by admiration to the bland Epicureanism which was the essence of the Persian's gospel. They are not so blind to the morrow as to withhold their little verses from the press; they have no "winter garment of repentance" to fling "in the fire of spring," as they fill the cup; they cannot say, with honest hand upon beating heart, that they were "never deep in anything but wine." No; their worship is barren as well as indiscreet; they not only traduce the translator; they are false to the doctrine of the gay and wise original.

In brief, they, like the unauthorized biographer, have sought to make common what should have been rare, to make popular what should have remained exclusive and aloof; and, so doing, they have played their part in the tragedy of publicity which is daily



enacted beneath our eyes. Time was when a better law prevailed—when a man was appreciated by what he did, not by what somebody else could find out about him; and it is another symptom of the prevailing Anarchy that a lettered club can so blindly overlook the claims of proportion as to believe that paltry garlands, publicly worn, are a fitting tribute to the memory of a dignified recluse.

Tobias Smollett is a contrast ready made to Edward FitzGerald. The Suffolk squire was a man of letters in his own despite; literature flowed in his veins like blood, and he did but write because he could give the world the very best of himself. Dr. Toby, on the other hand, followed his calling like a trade. He knew how to extract golden sovereigns from the ink-pot; he edited, he compiled, he fought with all the acrimony of an acid temper. Not for him the admiration of a few; an advertisement had its value even in the eighteenth century, and Smollett knew perfectly well that if he discredited his rivals he made his own position the stronger. So, as Mr. Henley explains in his admirable introduction to the new edition,<sup>1</sup> the author of "Roderick Random" was half hack, half man of genius. When he is at his best he ranks with the immortals; when he is at his worst, he sinks lower than the bitter-galled journalist. It is, therefore, not easy to find his place in the history of literature, and the enterprise might have appalled a more timid critic than Mr. Henley. The biography of Burns proved how fine a talent Mr. Henley has for drawing a full-length portrait in a few strokes. What he did for Burns he has done on a still smaller scale for Smollett. He does not perplex his readers with too many docu-

ments; he does not skip off down a by-way and drag his hero off from the highroad of truth. He presents the essentials only, and the result is an admirable picture of the vanity, the brutality, the immeasurable talent that went to make up the man Tobias Smollett, who will be remembered as long as the English language is studied and revered.

The least attractive trait in the character of Smollett is his vanity. He had not that divine gift of self-knowledge which distinguishes the greatest men. He esteemed himself for his failures, and thought his triumphs the mere accidents of life. His poor, pitiful tragedy of the "Regicide" gave him more pleasure than the accomplished observation, the boisterous humor of "Roderick Random." He used his popularity, as Mr. Henley points out, not to give another splendid romance to the world, but to print his tasteless drama. That Churchill pilloried the "Regicide" is not surprising, and the famous lines in the "Apology" are not surcharged by a comma:—

Whoever read "The Regicide" but  
swore  
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote  
before?  
Others for plots and underplots may  
call;  
Here's the right method—have no plot  
at all.  
Who can so often in his cause engage  
The tiny pathos of the Grecian stage,  
Whilst honors rise, and tears spontaneous  
flow  
At tragic Hah! and no less tragic Oh!

Thus Churchill lavished upon Smollett some of the abuse which that gentleman reserved for his rivals. And it is impossible to say that Churchill was unjust. But with his novels it is, as he himself would have said, other guess-work. Smollett, as Mr. Henley most wisely points out, derived from Le Sage; Fielding derived from Cer-

<sup>1</sup> The Works of Tobias Smollett, with an Introduction by W. E. Henley. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co.

vantes; and Fielding is as high above his rival as his exemplar was above the exemplar of Smollett. You will vainly seek in "Roderick Random," or even in "Humphrey Clinker," the urbanity, the scholarship, the Homeric simplicity of "Tom Jones." But a comparison is not inevitable; and it is Dr. Toby's misfortune that Fielding, whom he hated with a jealous hatred, was ever mentioned by his side. Sir Walter Scott, from whom we differ with hesitancy and regret, did his hero less than justice when he put him near Fielding's throne. But an inapposite comparison need not blind us to the very real genius of him who invented Oakum and Tremaine, Whiffle and Weasel. And here begins our quarrel with Mr. Henley. He insists more strongly than is necessary upon Smollett's coarseness. Smollett was coarse—that is true; but he belonged to a coarse age, and he was writing of coarse men. It was impossible to touch the British Navy of the eighteenth century with hands decently covered in kid; it was impossible to describe the wonderful life of the high-road, the splendid uncertainty of the village inn, in such terms as would commend themselves to a modern drawing-room. But if Smollett paints the grosser side of life, he paints it with an impartial brush. The personages of "Roderick Random" are not the ladies and gentlemen one would wish to meet. They are, with few exceptions, blackguards and rascallions. But they are neither held up for our imitation nor dissected after the manner of obscene psychology. Here, on the contrary, is the strong, open, sincere *esprit Anglais*, and we should never hesitate to put either "Roderick" or "Peregrine" into the hands of a boy, conscious that no purulent construction could ever be placed upon a single episode in these strange novels of the road. But if Mr. Henley's Puritanism now and again seems to get the better of him, his gen-

eral criticism of Smollett is admirably just and intelligent. In the first he explains in eloquent terms the vital quality of his author. Whatever faults may be imputed to Smollett, one virtue is his—the virtue of life. His characters are not dummies; they breathe and speak and act of their own will. When once he has put them down, they are stronger than he, and no one can read his splendid romances without making fresh friends and without forgetting the drab gravity of our own poor society. Mr. Henley frankly confesses that he has said what he believes to be the worst that can be said of Smollett. That is quite true, but there is another side. Smollett's master-quality—again we quote Mr. Henley—is "a peculiar power of realizing character, not by description and analysis, but out of the character's own mouth." So it is that we know the incomparable ruffians that crowd his canvas. No sooner do they appear than their character is amply revealed. The navy has never been painted in darker colors than Smollett employed; yet it is easy to prove that Smollett's colors are wantonly dark. He knew the navy from the inside, and there is no doubt that his stern portraiture made reform possible—almost easy. Oakum existed; even the monster Whiffoe, a far worse blackguard, degraded the service; and Smollett, in throwing a light on these villains, made clear the way for Nelson, and (in his own walk) for Marryat himself. So we readily condone the faults of our author, remembering that if he himself were an assassin in the thickets of literature, his books are honest and free, at full liberty to come and go in all hands, clean companions of that manhood and valiance that is Britain's boast and Britain's solace. Wherefore, we thank Mr. Henley for the final edition of a great English classic.

A MADRIGAL.

On a fair Spring morning  
Love rode down the lane,  
Youth and Joy and eager Hope  
Followed in his train;  
All the primroses looked up  
Such a sight to see—  
Leaning from her lattice high  
Mockingly sang she:  
"Love that's born at Spring-tide  
Is too lightly won,  
It will pass like silver dew  
'Neath the midday sun!"

All in glowing Summer  
Love went riding by,  
Not a single downy cloud  
Flecked the azure sky;  
Generous roses o'er his path  
Their sweet petals shed—  
Lingering on the terraced walk  
Wistfully she said:  
"Love that burns so fiercely  
May have life as brief,  
It will all be dead and cold  
Ere the falling leaf!"

Late in golden Autumn  
Love passed up the street,  
When the reapers' sickles flash  
Through the ripened wheat;  
Russet leaves about his way  
Fluttered in a cloud—  
Half she stayed, then turned aside  
With a gesture proud:  
"Love though late a-coming  
Might be swift to go,  
Flying as the swallows fly  
From the early snow!"

Through the shivering forest  
Swept the wintry blast,  
Thundering o'er the frost-bound roads  
Love came riding fast;

*Circulating-Library Religion.*

Snowflakes froze upon his beard,  
 Yonder lay the waste,  
 As he paused before her door  
 Like a man in haste:  
 Swift she ran to meet him,  
 "Love, forgive and stay,  
 Never any more, Dear Heart,  
 Will I say thee Nay!"

*The Argosy.**Christian Burke.*

## CIRCULATING-LIBRARY RELIGION.

Books, says Milton, are "as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth, and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men." "I assure you, sir," said a country bookseller, lately, "half the books that go out of my shop aren't fit to be perused." The British matron, however, now reads everything herself, and likes her girls to do the same. The sixpenny edition, which may extinguish the country bookseller and the circulating library as well, finds its way to the schoolboy's locker and the servants' hall, and brings the New Morality within the reach of every purse. Miss Broughton tells us wittily that she used to be regarded as a Zola, but is now looked on as a Charlotte Yonge; so fast do we progress. The modern work of genius, however, differs entirely from the free-spoken drama or tale of days when to call a spade a spade was almost a circumlocution. "Peep," says Thackeray, "into the cottage at Olney, and see there Mrs. Unwin and Lady Hesketh, those high-bred ladies, those sweet, pious women, and William Cowper, that delicate wit, that trembling poetist, that refined gentleman, absolutely reading out Jonathan Wild to the ladies! What a change in our manners since then!" The poem, play, or novel of our more prudish

days might—much of it at any rate—be read aloud in the family circle. The language is all to be found in the most decorous dictionaries. There are described no delightful, wicked rakes on the one hand, no persecuted Pamelas on the other. Nevertheless, the book bound in art-linen usually leaves the old-fashioned reader with a bad taste in the mouth. If the novel which delighted our forefathers pointed a moral rather plain-spokenly, or was as frankly and boisterously non-moral as a Punch and Judy show, at any rate there was no namby-pamby new Christianity in it, no sophisticating of the broad distinction between right and wrong, no cant about the emancipation of thought and breaking forth of light, or about the supersession of the Ten Commandments by a higher code of ethics. After reading about the pure woman faithfully presented, the woman with a past, the woman with a past tense, the woman of the future, the revolted daughter, and the like, we find ourselves longing for five minutes of the wholesome intolerance of Dr. Johnson. "Sir," he would say—but perhaps we had better not imagine what he would say.

Mimetic art presents life as too rounded and complete a thing ever quite to satisfy Christianity, which appends to drama and tale a "to be con-

tinued." Before the curtain rings down or the last chapter ends, the villain must be got rid of, or allowed to repent and escape easily, and everything is put right in a very brief space. Amendment is, in real life, a more uphill task, and consequences of evil deeds more lasting and inexorable. "Where would Stratford be," asked a native, "if it were not for the immortal Shakespeare?" and Shakespeare himself, sure-footed guide as he is, falls to hold the mirror up to nature and to morality when all is well and ends well for the worthless Bertram. Not only do the Unities often compel a moral to be scamped, but unskilful writers, cutting their knots by the hand of death, instruct mismatched partners and heart-sick lovers to look for their happiness through such a solution. The modern story, then, with its pretence of realism, has usually a bad moral, though it be not (as sometimes it is not) immoral. What is now asking attention, however,<sup>1</sup> is a conscious and intentional crusade against received Christian canons and the sacredness of the Family as the basis of Society. The crusade ranges from the mild latitudinarianism of the lady novelists to the French chiffonnier school of cloaca realism, the animus throughout being directed against the theological sanctions of morality, while the more thorough-going naturalists regard morality itself as priestcraft. Sympathy is enlisted for wives who break an oppressive wedlock, suicide is excused, filial disobedience is justified, the natural virtues triumph over any lack of theological ones. Sal of Whitechapel wins pardon for her failings by her generous self-sacrifice for the man who has degraded her, and the drunken miner or digger, *parcus deorum cultor et infrequens*, atones for a profane lifetime

by an heroic death. Such a theme is touching enough, but Bret Harte and many others have worked it threadbare. The continued incessant use of it as a literary motif arises from a wish to pin-prick Christianity, and from that inverted pharisaism which is forever asking attention to its own superiority to creed and form. Then there is the slum novel, in which the faith once delivered to the saints is girdled at, the controversial novel, in which it is overthrown by antiquated and belated German criticism; the society novel, in which Christianity is ignored; the historical novel, in which its past is besmirched; the Corelli novel, in which the World's Tragedy is vulgarized; the kallyard novel, whose author is eager to show that he is not, like his poor forefathers, a Scotch Calvinist, the hill-top novel, whose depressing fog and iconoclastic athelism are in contrast with the breezy optimism and shallow universalism of the ordinary fictionist. The prevailing teaching of our day is a thin theism, divested of every mystery, stripped of all doctrinal revelation, emancipated from every institution and rite, unhistoric, without organic structure or philosophic coherence, more vague than the peasant's misty belief in One Above, or the savage's dim notion of the "Big Man up There," as indifferentist as Pope's "Jehovah, Jove and Lord," almost as pantheistic as Emerson's Oversoul or Carlyle's Primæval Unspeakable, but yet worshipping in this Universal Father the attributes of Justice, Goodness and Truth. It is a Justice, however, which does not mete retribution to the wicked, a Goodness which is not jealous for any unchanging law of holiness, and a Truth which makes believe and looks the other way. In this conception of an all-indulgent, good-natured, blind and complaisant Paternity, Sin becomes a merely relative term, a mistake, a misfortune, an ailment, a trespass not

<sup>1</sup> *Theology of Modern Literature.* By Dr. Law Wilson. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1899. 7s. 6d.

against God, but against one's fellow-men, needing no atoning sacrifice, no high-priestly mediation, no Bethlehem or Calvary save for moral impression. Penitence, Mr. Gissing remarks, is now an anachronism. "Man," says Emerson, cheerily, "though in brothels and gaols and on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true." It is notable that the rationalism of this century has been based not on reason, but on superficial sentiment. The sapping of the foundations of responsibility, whether through the dogma of a God who is mere pity, or through easy dinner-table divinity, and superficial talk about heredity and circumstance (as though our ship were launched on life with a "lashed rudder"), is more permanently detrimental to national character than undisguised lubricity or any gospel of animalism and freelove. Nor is satire against religion or invitation to explore the "sunless gulfs of doubt"

*The Saturday Review.*

likely to influence minds like the reiterated assertion that Conduct is independent of Creed, when illustrated by generous sentiments and attractive and pathetic examples. If, as a foil, the power of the Cross and the beauty of historic Christianity are delineated, the Church of Rome is usually fetched in. This is a kind of compliment to Anglicanism as the only religious force in England influential enough to be really disliked. Yet where the literary man's theological liberalism is not a reaction from Puritan gyves, it is only what might be expected from the colorless religious teaching of public schools and colleges, which turns out cultivated men wholly ignorant of the doctrinal system of their Church, and content to echo the stale and crude formulas of heterodoxy, which please sharp girls from Gilton and suburban admirers of Edna Lyall.

---

### TO MR. AUSTIN DOBSON.

#### AFTER HIMSELF.

(Rondeau of Villon.)

At sixty years, when April's face  
Retrieves, as now, the winter's cold,  
Where tales of other Springs are told  
You keep your courtly pride of place.

Within the circle's charmed space  
You rest unchallenged, as of old,  
At sixty years.

Not Time nor Silence sets its trace  
On golden lyre and voice of gold;  
Our Poets' Poet, still you hold  
The laurels got by no man's grace—  
At sixty years.

*The Londoner.*

*Owen Seaman.*



